

Legends & Historical Notes

OF

NORTH WESTMORELAND

by

Thomas Gibson, M.D.



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*LEGENDS AND HISTORICAL NOTES
OF NORTH WESTMORELAND.*



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GIANT SLAYING WILD BOAR.

LEGENDS AND HISTORICAL NOTES
ON PLACES OF
NORTH WESTMORELAND.

BY
THOS. GIBSON, M.D.



PENDRAGON CASTLE.

OLD AND NEW.

See how the autumn leaves float by, decaying,
Down the red whirls of yon rain-swollen stream ; —
So fleet the works of man back to their earth again —
Ancient and holy things fade like a dream.

KINGSLEY.

London :
UNWIN BROTHERS.

Appleby :
J. WHITEHEAD & SON.



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INTRODUCTION.



“There, stranger, ply thy curious search,
And oftentimes beside
The crumbling edifice thou’lt see
Some rudely-sculptured effigy.”—BENTLEY.

THE antiquary, sighing after renown, endeavours to impress the public that signs certified by some authority are better than natural conclusions, and he holds up his erudition, uncontradicted for the most part, if only qualified by bold assertion. “Hold on,” we fancy we hear the renowned Dr. Dauntless say; “I can testify that my knowledge of these matters is unbounded, and ought not, by any means, to be questioned.” We, on the other hand, hold that to give a name on tradition only is very different from giving the natural bearings of a locality, as well as its

historical aspect. Distinctive names may, indeed, be received on tradition when natural facts bear out the allegation. The form, for example, of a ravine, a hill or mound, or British fort, does not warrant any one to assert on tradition that certain events occurred at these places, unless well authenticated by original proofs, afforded historically by the occupation of invaders or by the aborigines. But, forsooth, some say, unless you give us unequivocal reasons, don't give any on assumption. It is easy to speculate, and speculators on original names and localities may easily be questioned. Nay, their assumptions may turn out to be presumptions merely, and so have no weight at all.

We propose in this small volume to give our opinion, and, as far as we can, and no further, prove our assertions, leaving the rest to those learned pundits who make such things as are herein touched on their special study; and we await the opinion of the public, for whom we cater, with the confident belief that they will appreciate our honest efforts to amuse and instruct them, regardless of our genius or fame, which may be likened to the flickerings of a tallow candle in comparison with the brilliant meteors, and

may be easily extinguished. Our feeble efforts, depending on ourselves, and outside the learned factions, may seem futile when compared with the concoctions and deductions of more brilliant geniuses. We do not object to criticism dealing with facts, and only show indifference to hypercriticisms which deal with arrangement only.

Our little book is of a miscellaneous character, and widely different to any standard work of history, but it deals with subjects common to the locality—physically, legendary, historically, and socially—and does not profess to be other than a compilation of facts, with original matter due to the observation and inspiration of the various authors, including ourselves, of the subjects treated on. A work may be almost chaotic in its arrangement, but it will be very poor indeed if it does not contain within it some germ from which scholars versed in such lore may extract something of use ; or probably it may help them to lay bare some forgotten fact, or to explain some obsolete phrase which will assist the student of archæology.

We live in days of progress and high pressure. If what we have now is better than what our ancestors

possessed, then we must be very far advanced indeed. But if we look back on the relics of the past, whether it be to those of architecture, or the fine arts, or literature, we find it hard to keep pace, nowadays, with their perfection. We may find things more elaborately done, and many prodigious works carried on by recent enterprise and inventions, yet the work is not more refined than that of ancient times. We may see splendid structures rise, yet not more correct in form or beauty of workmanship. Neither is language more elegant than it was in the days of Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Johnson. Learning is more diffused, but is more utilitarian. Authors there are in greater force, but quality often gives place to quantity. As small streams flow into and increase larger ones, so the products of lesser minds, if but facts are woven into their productions, help to swell greater works. Historians do not invent; they collate and gather into form from every quarter motes of learning, which they embody in their works. We have seen some critics treat with scorn the efforts of a humble author of a few pages dealing with matters we have touched upon, forgetting that, if small things are not allowed to grow, larger ones

could not be supported. The massive column is not raised without small tackle, and each little stone in a crevice strengthens the fabric. Such a critic is like the towering giant exulting in his strength, when he looks down upon men of lesser stature.

In spite of laying ourselves open to such criticism, we have ventured to obtrude ourselves into the smaller domains of literature, while we humbly pray that as many have had by their opportunities more advantages than ourselves in becoming acquainted with the tomes of learning which noble minds have stored up for their benefit, and from which, possibly, they have profited, that they will be indulgent enough to give us credit for what is of use in this work, although it may not come up to their special standard.

I am under great obligation to those writers quoted, especially in the chapters on geology, and other subjects. I have not hesitated to draw largely from them, but more from past recollection and study of the surroundings than from present or recent reading. In fact, we have ourselves dabbled a little in geology; and therefore if errors of description not conducive to correct and established

rules occur, let the blame rest with us alone, and not on the eminent authorities our knowledge of the science was primarily culled from.

I trust my numerous friends, and subscribers will not be disappointed at my placing before them this limited contribution of a subject so important. I have only now to add that whatever be the opinions of materialist students on evolution, I hold to none of their theories, or understand that the agencies of nature can in any way be explained contrary to what our experience of life is, and its sequence in death.

I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Thomas Fawcett, of Kirkby Stephen, and my son, R. W. Gibson, for the sketches used in the illustrations, and also to my friend, the Rev. W. M. Fell, of Ravenstonedale, for his kindness in helping me to peruse and correct some of these pages. Also I am especially indebted to Mr. Rowland E. Whitehead, who, in the subject of "Orton Quakers," has given me much information embodied in the chapters at the end of this work, drawn from books, papers, and records, which are in the possession of his family. Therefore it remains only to add that I trust my readers will not

be disappointed at the result of my labours. If they are gratified and enlightened, if ever so little, then their gratification will also gratify myself.

T. G.

Orton, January 4, 1887.

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LEGENDS AND HISTORICAL NOTES
OF
NORTH WESTMORELAND.



CHAPTER I.

“Legends that were once told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook.”

LONGFELLOW.

IN the thinly peopled districts, amid the remote dales of Westmoreland, an amount of superstition still remains, although the connection with the outer world by railway and telegraph is now complete. The belief in second sight, in wraiths, in the dead watch, and in the howling of the dog before death takes place, retains in this part of the country numerous adherents ; and there still remain a few who believe

in witchcraft, moles, and mothers' marks, in cauls and crowing hens, as portending good or bad luck; while the cure of many complaints, such as toothache, and many diseases of a more subtle nature, are tried to be got rid of by charms and incantations. The whooping-cough was formerly treated by passing the patient under the belly of a broodmare; and a panacea exists in a neighbouring county for the cure of hydrophobia. It is not considered lucky by some to marry on a Friday, or to take a journey on that day, or to enter into the possession of a house; while some people, on seeing a single magpie, have been known to turn back when proceeding on a journey; on the other hand, if two were seen, they proceeded as encouraged by a good omen. Falling stars and comets render the minds of some people uneasy, as foretelling storms, wars, and even the dissolution of the world itself. No doubt the public mind is being gradually cleared by the spread of education; and the credulous dalespeople have, by the advent of cheap literature and communication with the outer world, become less dependent for information and amusement upon the local storyteller and wandering chapmen. The practice of

going "furth" has been done away with, in a great measure, by the introduction of village libraries and mechanics' institutes; while the daily paper and the weekly local lend greater attraction to the inquiring mind, and keep the public well up in general and local information. Gatherings, however, are not unfrequent, and large parties of young and old flock together on winter nights at neighbours' houses, where are enacted games, charades, and other innocent modes of amusement, partaking, however, less and less every year of the legendary lore. Burns, in his "Halloween," gives a good description of the manner of amusing the local youngsters, which has been copied, more or less, in this part of the country. Ghosts and hobgoblins come in, however, for a share of discussion, and places are still marked out where some murder has been committed, and where flayings are often seen. At a place called Stenkrith Bridge, near Kirkby Stephen, a subterranean stream is pointed out where the rumbling sound caused by the water has given rise to the impression that machinery was at work. It is called "The Devil's Mustard Mill." A legend occurs that an old woman who resided at Tebay could turn herself into the form of

a hare, and in this state used to give sport and much trouble to the dogs of a neighbouring squire, who could never catch her. This old dame prophesied that carriages without horses would run over Loups Fell—since verified by the formation of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway. It was a current belief if you could draw blood from the arm of a witch, that she was powerless against you. Until very recently, in more southern counties, the ordeal of fire and water was enforced against the supposed witch, which often resulted in the death of the victim. It was, in fact, a statutable offence, and punishable with death. The pretended power of sorcery and telling of fortunes by cards during the former part of the century was frequently had resort to, the professors making a living, even in Westmoreland, by the gullibility of the credulous. We were acquainted with a schoolmaster who roasted the heart of a chicken stuck full of pins, with fastened doors, at midnight, and he vowed that the witch came to the door and pitifully entreated him to desist, and promised she would not molest him again. Her offence was that she had bewitched a calf, so that it died, and the schoolmaster (no fool, either, in other matters) thoroughly believed it. So

recently as the time mentioned, cattle affected with murrain were passed through smoke raised by fire by the rubbing of two pieces of wood together. It was called "need fire." There is a current belief even now, that if a child has its finger-nails or hair cut before it is a year old, it will become a thief; and that a black cat can hinder a matrimonial engagement. Some people hold to the opinion that a nightcap ought to be inversible, and without an opening; and that a person cannot die easily on a pillow stuffed with pigeons' feathers. It is said to be unlucky to kill a spider. A goat is frequently kept among cattle to preserve them in health. A raven and a talking magpie are lucky about a house; and a stone with a hole in it, hung up behind the stable door (so the legend goes), will keep witches away. In some parts of the bed of the river Eden, near Kirkby Stephen, are holes popularly said to be cauldrons for performing Druidical sacrifices. They are, however, made by the action of stones obtaining a rotary motion by the force of the water. An astrologer used to be consulted at a place near Orton called Redgill. The astrologer's tombstone is in the churchyard of Orton. He was popularly

believed to be able to cast the horoscope, and considered well versed in the black art, whatever that may be. The name of this worthy was Fairer. His business lay in circumventing witches, laying spirits, and in other kindred pursuits. From the nature of things in those days we have no doubt his practice and popularity would alike be extensive and remunerative. If a cock crew in front of the house, the belief was that you might expect a stranger. If a piece of coke flew out of the fire, a coffin or a purse was indicated ; and the mote in the wick of a candle was a token that a letter might be expected. Candle omens are innumerable and of various kinds; some are so well known as not to need mention, some not so general. "A collection of tallow," says Groze, "rising up the candle close to the wick is styled a winding-sheet, and deemed an omen of death to the family." He also tells us that a spark on a candle denotes that the person opposite will receive a letter ; to show when and to whom the letter is to come, on a knock of the table making it drop, it comes the next day, and so on. A kind of fungus burning on the candle denotes a stranger will visit you. Candles that burn blue denote a spirit in the house. Says Milton,

the following lines from the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" has it :

"Come you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing,
Weep and wring
Every hand and every head—
Bard with cypress and sad yew,
Ribands black and candles blue,
For him that was of men most true."

A candle burning blue seems, however, to be a sign of frost :

"Constable, my watch is set, charge given, and all is peace,
But by the burning of the candle blue,
Which I, by chance, espied through the lanthorn,
And by the dropping of the beadle's nose,
I smell a frost."

The amiable Vicar of Wakefield, referring to his daughters' waking dreams, says, "The girls have their omens too." They saw rings in the candle. The Irish say when they put out the candle, "May the Lord renew or send us the light of heaven!" The Venetians say, "On the wedding night leave the candle burning, as the one who puts it out will die first." Candles nowadays take a place at the high altar in Ritualistic and Romish churches ; they assist

by their numerous lights at Irish wakes, and in former times were used by people who did penance. Query—What light by this light? When fortunes are told from the dregs of a teacup, a red shawl is essential to the fortune-teller, who has not seen the ghost appear in the meantime springing apparently from the shades, upsetting the gravity of the old, and contributing to the fears of the young, who think it is a supernatural visitation. Likewise fortune-telling by cards excites much attention, and is believed in by the credulous. At a certain house, not a hundred miles from Tebay, a party of women, young and old, were amusing themselves in this way one winter's night, carrying on churning at the same time by the fire, when, at a critical point in the fortune-telling, the churning was left, *and a surprise* was announced by the holder of the cards. There was a surprise: at that moment a horse rushed in, saddled and bridled, having thrown its rider, upsetting the churn, which astonished the kneeling party by the fire, much to the loss of the host, and their discomfiture.

In the Middle Ages the heliotropes were highly valued, as well as the moon-stone—a precious stone of Ceylon. Pliny describes it as containing an image

of the moon, which waxes and wanes according to the state of that luminary. Chalcedony disperses sadness, and, if worn with the hairs of an ass run through it, would, it was said, overcome all disaster. Crystals of different kinds are famous : one belonging to Dr. Dee, the prince of quacks, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The ruby bruised in water was a panacea, and powdered agate for all the “ills flesh is heir to ;” the amethyst could prevent intoxication — this would be a boon to modern tipplers ; sapphire and emerald were to strengthen the sight, so did the turquoise—and the latter was a proof from injury from falls from any height ; the diamond baffles poison, keeps off insanity, and dispels vain fears. Such are a few of the ancient and popular fallacies even of the present age.

There is a belief yet existing that philtres can be given to excite love, and these compounds are made of different ingredients which we have no wish to re-introduce to notice ; suffice it to say that such-like potions are more or less innocuous, while some are positively dangerous. In all love philtres various herbs, however, occupy a prominent part, and as the language of flowers serve as tokens between persons

amatorily inclined, so love philtres made into a small packet and suspended from the neck are said to produce those desires so peculiarly dependent upon the tender passion. Charms for toothache are frequently worn, and we read amongst the Jews, as well as Christian nations, the phylacteries were a charm on which passages of Scripture were transcribed on slips of parchment, and these were worn on the left arm and forehead. Omens of different kinds, by their general diffusion, often present themselves to the most polished people. Who has not heard of the talismanic stones found in the brains of birds, of the tortoise, of the hyæna, and of the fabulous carbuncle of Peru, said to be of the size and form of a fox, and only visible at night, with long black hair, and which is said to open a flap in its forehead, and to emit a brilliant light? This light the natives believe to proceed from a precious stone; but if any one rushes at the animal, the flap is let down, the person is blinded, and the animal disappears in the darkness. This carbuncle has been the theme of poets, and to this day it is regarded as a precious stone of no mean value, whatever virtues it may possess of an occult nature. The toad was supposed

to possess in its head a jewel of great value, and was an antidote against poison, but more frequently swallowed as a precautionary measure.

In the early part of the century, Wesleyanism was in its infancy in these parts. Many of the sect were subject to much persecution. It is related of the late Mr. Stephen Bynskill, that going to Kendal market, he was frequently assailed by epithets, more forcible than polite, by a stone-breaker on the roadside, who thought it a part of his duty to indulge in them; in fact to be a Methodist—or Methody, as they were vulgarly styled—was something to be reproached with. This stone-breaker having time after time indulged to his heart's content in vituperative language, was one Saturday morning rather astonished on Mr. Bynskill presenting him with a small cheese, and ever after was particularly civil—an instance of Christian charity overcoming evil with good.

A member of the medical profession practising in these parts, having arrived at nearly the limit of human existence, being a single man, and much annoyed at times by housekeepers, thought he would like to marry a respectable yeoman's sister of mature

age, yet in single blessedness, and that he would go and see the object he had set his mind upon. After journeying about two miles, the brother, it being his bedtime, leaving the couple, the maiden lady inquired of the doctor his business, as it was getting late. "Whya, Peggy" (using the vernacular), "I want a wife; hes tu any notion?" "Whya," says she, "it's rather suddent. I think I winnet wed just yet." About a month after, she called upon the doctor, having considered the matter, and said to him: "I think, doctor, we had better wed." The doctor replied: "Nay, I think ut we'll be as we are, Peggy." The latter, rather discomfited, retired, exclaiming, "I'll strike while t' iron's het next time!"

Formerly many clergymen were ordained from the small grammar schools, which up to the time we write were classical. This was before the late Education Acts placed all the establishments on a scale of popular gradation, but lowered the classical to the mechanical, and thus debarred the prospect of the poor boy entering on the road to professional distinction. It is related that a young man was sent with £20 in his pocket to Carlisle from Ravenstonedale for ordination, mounted on the mare

which did the universal work of the homestead : he was away a few days. On returning, his mother, being on the look-out for him, thus accosted him : “ Priest or nea priest ? ” “ Priest, sure enough ; and if I’d hed another £20 I cud hev gittent oad mear maad into ane ano.” Ravenstonedale has been lately embellished with mansions that can fairly lay claim to be considered elegant. One called Hwith House, built by the late J. Hewetson, Esq., a native of Street, in Ravenstonedale ; Brownber House, added to by Mr. Fothergill ; Cold Beck House, by the late A. Metcalfe Gibson, Esq. ; and Elm Lodge, built by T. A. Metcalfe Gibson, Esq., all natives of this dale.

Prison discipline is much more enforced nowadays. It is recorded that those confined for debt in Appleby Gaol some seventy years ago had great latitude, inasmuch as they were allowed, on asking leave, to go out and visit their friends, take recreation, and indulge themselves as their means presented, and although not generally prone to disobey their lenient governor, yet sometimes he had to administer reproof if they did not return in good time for bed—even to the extent of threatening to lock them out

if they did not keep proper time and give him an opportunity of going to bed in good season—say ten o'clock in summer, and nine o'clock in winter. A surgeon, incarcerated for killing his wife in a fit of passion, although a prisoner for life, was similarly indulged, even to the extent of practising and giving his advice to all who sought it. Many availed themselves of it. Such is human nature—charitable in the main, but self-seeking in the abstract.

CHAPTER II.

“ Full well 'tis known adown the dale,
Though passing strange indeed the tale,
And doubtful may appear.”

SHENSTONE.

THERE are plenty of people who are fond of larking nowadays ; still, the walking ghosts are somewhat rare, although no doubt plenty of fun to some, and danger to others, has been brought about by this practice. A story is told of an elderly tailor who was almost frightened to death, in coming along the fields from Winton to Kirkby Stephen, by the knapping of his own shears and lapboard. He fancied he saw, on a moonlight night, something uncanny. He set off to run. The shears called, “ Catch him ! Catch him ! ”—at least he thought so, and he only discovered the mistake when getting over a stile, black

in the face with excitement, that it was his own implements that caused the disturbance. This same worthy was once waylaid by a pair of buxom damsels on his road home from Soulby, who fired at him with an iron candlestick, laden with pebbles, the click behind the hedge near his head being sufficient to alarm him. Their temerity, however, was rewarded by the tailor falling into a swoon, when they had to get him restored as best they could, and see him safely home. An old sexton was waylaid by his own wife, covered with a sheet—so the story goes—near the churchyard of Crosby Ravensworth, while he was staggering home drunk. It had the effect of sobering him, and his spouse, in the spirit, exacted a promise of future steadiness, which we believe he kept. There used to be a wandering spirit between Winton and Kirkby Stephen, it is said, of the name of Jingling Annas, which was laid to rest (exorcised) near the bridge crossing the Eden, by the intervention of a wise man from Stainmoor. Who he was the legend does not acquaint us with. The rock is, however, pointed out beneath which the quiescent spirit now rests. An old poacher in the neighbourhood of Orton was invited by a neighbouring squire

to get him a hare. He thought that he would humour the squire; so one day he knocked at the door, and was invited, bag in hand, into the parlour. The squire accosting him, said, "Well, Jimmy, have you got a hare?" "Yes," he replied; and, tilting her out, she broke through the window and bolted across the lawn. "Why, you rascal," said the squire, "what did you bring her in that way for?" "Whya, ye see, squire, I heven't a license te kill, sa I thought if I fetched her alive ye would kill her yersell." A rare instance of cunning and wit.

This part of the country, about thirty years since, was startled by the phenomenon of a strange occurrence at an isolated farm-house, called the Orton Dobbie—something like a spirit-rapping business on a large scale. It drew for many weeks people from long distances to make out the cause of it, but it was never really bottomed, and the occurrence is now looked upon by some as a real visitation of the unseen, while others think (!) it was augmented or arranged by the residents for pecuniary profit, if not by them originated. At a place near Kelleth, in the parish of Orton, on a dark night in November, 1837, there was committed a brutal murder upon a carrier

of the name of Hunter, who was on his way home to a place called Archer Hill, nearly opposite to Kelleth. He was shot from behind, his head literally riddled, and his money taken from him by some daring assassin, who has never yet been found out. He was a man about thirty-four years of age, and his son, now deceased, resided until very lately at the homestead called East Gills, which, at the time of the murder, was occupied by the murdered man's father. Another murder was committed in the same parish some time after upon a poor drover. He was found alive, and lingered some little time, but was never sensible enough to give any clue to his assailants. This is referred to again in verse in a subsequent chapter.

This murder occurred near to Sunbiggin Tarn. It is to be deplored that such things could happen so recently and not be found out. We apprehend, however, that under the present police arrangements the murderer or murderers would not have escaped so easily. In those days parish constables were the only detectors of crime, and very probably their capabilities did not come up to the requirements which such cases demand in their investigation.

Nowadays, a little clue to trained minds develops important deductions, which aid to bring matters to light and culprits to justice. Poor Hunter's death remains still unavenged, and his widow and children are now numbered with the dead. There still remain some grandchildren—orphans—but very young and of course not capable of realizing the anguish which their progenitors must have suffered from their awful and sudden bereavement.

Whenever anything is too obscure to be comprehended, even by the antiquarian mind, then the Druids furnish a hook to hang a tale upon. In the centre of Westmoreland, and notably at Shap and Gunnerkeld, stones are found, placed either in circles or parallel lines, noting that they have served some purpose, and possibly were the places where religious and sacrificial services were celebrated. There is a circle of stones midway between Orton and Raisebeck, in a field called Gamelands, and supposed to have been used for such purposes, though the name of the field would lead us to think that it had been a place where anciently games were held or game abounded. Many places lead the mind to contemplate what may have been the site of religious houses in a district

remote from abbeys and monasteries, and no doubt thinly inhabited in ancient times. Hospices in the form of friaries, cells, and places of retreat, appear to have been of frequent occurrence. At the various hospices travellers used to rest on their journeys, and if benighted the friars, who were generally the custodians, gave them refreshment and shelter. Such a house was the Spital on Stainmoor : the traveller if poor had all free of charge, but those whose worldly prosperity was such as they could afford recompense gave it as a votive offering, which was placed in a receptacle provided for the purpose, and placed in a conspicuous place to meet the eye of the stranger, with a text of admonition above it proper for the occasion—as “*Laus Deo,*” “*Deo Gratias,*” &c. These hospices were frequently mere cells, or low buildings with one or two rooms put up by the friars themselves, and differed very little from the hermitages, which were of course inhabited by recluses, and removed far from the roads frequented by travellers in general. A portion of the building, however, was fitted up as a chapel, and generally screened off from public gaze to enable the occupant to retire unobserved during the times of devotion,

the Crucifix and Sacred Relics being duly revered, These relics were generally the bones of some one who had been famous in life, and had died in the order of sanctity. The relics were offered to all those who wished to abjure their sins or confess some fault or crime, and it was considered of the last importance that an oath once taken on the relics must be faithful and earnest, or the person would be everlastingly shut out from the blessing and hope of eternal happiness. The lawlessness of the people who did not believe in the religion presented to them was no doubt very great, because the Church of Rome was at that time the only source of comfort to those whose life was spent in the most civilized countries. It was the custodian of morality, religion, and, so far, the only instrument in the education of the people, all of whom, except those directly in power or of influence with the Church, were totally uneducated; the serfs and villains we read of being bought and sold with the land, not exactly as slaves, but having prescribed duties on a particular estate, and corresponding punishment awarded according as such duties were neglected, or certain rights curtailed. But with all the faults of such a system, it is very

evident that we owe to the abbeys and monasteries very much ; for the attainments they cultivated, for their knowledge of architecture as seen in the splendid ruins of their buildings, in the practice of various useful handicrafts, and, what is most remarkable, the knowledge they displayed as regards agriculture in those days. For if we carefully examine the situations they selected for building their edifices, we generally find that these things were sure to be regarded—namely, the best and sheltered situations ; the nature of the soil and proximity to a plentiful water supply ; their fish-ponds well embanked, and no doubt proper attention paid to the breeding and rearing of animals such as the country then produced ; they had neighbouring forests for fuel and mastage for their numerous herd of swine : the outcome of all this was their care of the poor, who came to their gates for food and ghostly advice, and their attention to the rich, whose patrimony when leaving this world was often devoted to the monastery as dues for their shriven soul being landed, as was believed, by the aid of holy men, in heaven.

Various places in this country are now designated spitals, which no doubt in ancient times were

hospices, in some cases to which travellers could resort when travelling over the barren wilds of Westmoreland ; and notably the spital on Stainmoor was a house of that kind. They were mostly religious houses belonging to the Romish Church, and the friars were wont to inhabit such places. They were the sentinels or outposts of larger religious communities, and their daily life and avocation were such that many aspired to this mode of seclusion, in order the better to separate themselves from the luxuries of civilized life, and to give succour and ghostly aid to those whom circumstances induced to dwell in remote localities, or whom chance threw in their way. But there was likewise another class of hospitals—and the spital near Kirkby Thore was doubtless one of them—where people were isolated from the rest of mankind when suffering from the disease of leprosy ; and these hospitals were often largely endowed with land for their support, leprosy being a disease of a most hideous character, whereby the functions of the body were so altered, and the blood so contaminated, as to be as bad as scrofula in more recent times, and almost as incurable. We read in Scripture of lepers being as

white as snow, the eruption being of a scaly nature, and the whole countenance and complexion being rendered hideous by the loathsome eruption on the skin. That leprosy was a complaint in this country where separation and complete isolation was necessary, we need not stop to argue, but it is evident that nowadays it is almost, if not entirely, unknown. This happier state of things has been brought about by the change of diet which we in this country have, by reason of our great advantages, been led to adopt—the more general use of a vegetable diet. The almost total abolition from our tables of the kind of living our ancestors indulged in, and the more general habits of cleanliness and changes of raiment we use, has added to this desirable result. The time was when neither potatoes, cabbages, peas, or lime-juice, were to be had, and when flesh was only obtainable that either had been salted down for the winter's use, or farinaceous food of the coarser sort was mainly indulged in. The various remedies we now employ for the eradication of skin diseases were almost unknown, and had it not been that in the summer months many roots of an anti-scrofulous nature were obtainable which we now never think of acquiring,

the population of this country in ancient times would have been more tainted than it was with scrofulous complaints, of the kind to which, from the changeable climate and habits of the people, they were liable. Many in other districts, from unhealthy workshops and trades which produce mechanical irritation of the air passages, fall victims to that most direful disease, tubercular consumption. That leprosy has, by our changed habits and regimen, disappeared from amongst us, renders us hopeful that, with our almost fanatical rage for sanitary reform, this country may have cause to be thankful ere long that many diseases now thought to be incurable may only exist in name; but, on the other hand, with our luxurious habits the wish expressed will hardly be realized.

The names of many places attached to religious houses are thus indicated. In the parishes of Orton, Crosby Ravensworth, Asby, Appleby, and many others, they occur as Our Lady's Well, St. Helen's Well, Friary, Friarbiggins, Friar's Moss, Holywell, and others are familiar. These may have been branches from the Abbey of St. Mary's at York, or from Shap Abbey, as history tells us that the large church of Kirkby Stephen was under the domination,

in Catholic times, of the religious community at the former place. History is barren, however, of authentic information. In the days when the pedlar and mendicant were the only newsmongers of the district, the advent of either was looked upon as a privilege, and they were welcomed by the dales people as the chief source of amusement. They were treated as members of the family, and very frequently as honoured guests, especially the pedlar, who used to display his wares to the wondering eyes of the rustics, and drive a profitable trade to his own advantage. The mendicant stayed on if the weather was inclement, having a bed provided, sometimes in an outhouse, or before the kitchen fire, and then depart with his *awmun* of meal, bacon, and other provisions, which he could sell or consume as he thought proper. In fact in our time the lodging-house keepers used to feed the fattest pigs from the surplus meal, bread, &c., bought by them from their customers, or exchanged for a night's lodging. In short mendicity was a trade, and the Edie Ochiltrees described by Scott could be seen in many garbs going their rounds in this part of the country. In very recent times the beggar was not the slouching fellow we come

across nowadays. With his staff in hand, and meal-bags slung over his shoulder, he looked every inch a man, who thought he had a right to ply his trade, and every one was bound to serve him.

Many stories are told of the eccentricities and mistakes of the rustic population. A story is told of two worthies, who were taking an active part in a trial, from the neighbourhood of Little Asby, who had a book on law which had been lent to them by a solicitor who practised in Appleby in former times. The book related to pains and penalties for doing certain things, as well as the law relating to real property. They had, we presume, been successful in their suit against the other litigants, and coming after midnight through the village of Hoff in great glee, they perceived an odour of fried bacon. They thereupon went to the cottage whence the odour came, and there found a man engaged in frying bacon. The one who was supposed to be posted up in the law-book said to his companion, "There is a law against frying bacon in that book we had; we will take this fellow before the magistrate at Appleby." The man protested, but they, being the stronger party, compelled him to go with them, thinking by

this means they could pocket the money due to the informants. The magistrate opened his eyes with astonishment at the charge, but they persisted that it was in the book which had been lent to them. He asked for the book, which was pretty well thumbed, and the clause was read thus by him : “ Any one firing a beacon after twelve o’clock at night is liable to the penalty of a fine, or in default imprisonment, half the fine to go to the informant.” Only a slight mistake, but a substantial difference between frying bacon and firing a beacon. This is only one of the many queer stories that are told, the nucleus of which, no doubt, is true ; and as they have been handed down from remote times, they form an interesting contrast with the present state of things. There was a greater distinction between the various classes of people in former times than at present, and the stories we read of, or hear from others, make us aware of it.

The most ancient ruins in Westmoreland are those of Brough, Brougham, Lammerside, Pendragon, and Bewley Castle. Appleby Castle, restored, was occupied till recently by the land steward, now by Lord Hothfield, the successor to the patrimony of the late

Earl of Thanet. Some of the ancient manor houses belonging to former squires and yeomen—many of them dignified by the name of “hall,” which literally means a stone building—are let with farms. In former times, the houses of the peasantry were mostly either mud hovels, or made of clay and wattles—sticks wound through upright posts and plastered over with clay. There are some very substantial buildings. Most of them date—*i.e.*, the halls, &c.—from about the beginning of the seventeenth, and some as far back as the sixteenth, century. They have generally mullioned windows, oak rooftrees (called rafters), and often oak pannelling inside, as partitions between the rooms. Sometimes the heavy grey slates are fastened down with sheepshank bones hitched over the laths; at other times with oaken pins, and some with large-headed nails. These houses show indications of the open hearth, now covered in with modern fireplaces.

There is an inn at Kirkby Stephen where resided a worthy couple, some seventy or more years ago, who kept a magpie. The bird could talk, and, overhearing its mistress say, “Our yall’s (ale) sour,” it repeated it more than was pleasant to the host

before his customers. He took and ducked it in the pump-trough. A chicken had in the meantime been brought in and put before the fire, after tumbling in and being rescued out of the pig-tub. The magpie, hopping towards the fire, and seeing the invalid wrapped up in a cloth warming before the fire, went up to it, and exclaimed, "Did thou say our yall was sour?" A publican, at the village of Warcop, was possessed of a raven, who used to startle the customers by calling out, "Pay up! pay up!" If a hat was placed over its head, it would, on getting rid of it, call out, "What's matter, min?" Will-o'-the-wisp has given rise to many a ghost story and legend of leading on to destruction some unfortunate benighted wight; and many a ghost has been conjured up in the imagination from the sight of a rotten tree-stump in a state of phosphorescence, familiarly known as touch-wood, decayed vegetable matter being really the cause of much of what we know as night lights, which hover about bogs and mosses, and even have given rise to superstitions, and been looked upon as omens of evil.

Open fireplaces are not uncommon, and the rannel-balk, or bar of iron across the chimney, may

frequently be seen to suspend by a chain large vessels, sometimes of copper, for various dairy and culinary purposes. The quern, or handmill, formerly in use for grinding corn, is very frequently found, either used as a building stone, or, as was the case lately, doing duty as a paving-stone in the byre. When corn was winnowed formerly it was placed on the barn-floor on a windy day, the doors being opposite to each other; and in this way the chaff was cleared off, and afterwards used for filling bed-ticks to sleep upon. Even at the present time these kind of beds are in use in most farmhouses. It may have struck the traveller in Westmoreland that the fields in the neighbourhood of the villages are very small, and although of late years a good many of them have been enlarged by throwing down stone walls and hedges, yet a good number of small enclosures remain. A class of occupiers has become almost extinct, this having been brought about in a great measure by the application of steam to machinery, which has done away with handloom weaving, once the prevalent employment of the cotters in the villages of Westmoreland. These cotters, whose looms occupied a large portion of their dwellings,

used to weave woollen cloths for the use of the neighbourhood, as well as hemp and linen, and along with this employment they usually had a cow or two grazing near, on the common, while for hay the small enclosure near the house was reserved. They were mostly owners of the little freehold, and it is not unlikely that those small enclosures were originally parts of larger ones, subdivided from father to son until they became as we now see them. This state of things has now, in a great measure, passed away, and the freehold cotter and the weaver (except in rare instances) are amongst the things of the past. Their superiors in station of the yeoman class, by subdivision of property (some of them not long ago owning freeholds of from fifteen to twenty and sixty acres, or more), are rapidly being absorbed by the larger proprietors, and, as land sells at a high rate, it is an inducement for them to part with it and embark their capital in larger farms as tenants. In the neighbourhood of several villages are still seen fields of small extent, sometimes not more than two or three acres, subdivided by a sod dyke or boundary stone, called a "merestone." These plots of land are called "town lands," and originally might

have been owned and cultivated, as no doubt some were, for the production of hemp and potatoes, the former to be used for the manufacture of hempen cloths, and the latter for the use of the family. This state of things still exists in Ireland, as well as the subdivision of property into small holdings. But the peasantry of Ireland do not hold the same position as the English cotter did, and for various reasons are not so well off. Several villages were almost depopulated in former times. When each township was obliged to keep its own poor, the owners and occupiers of property in land in some small townships evicted the poor people because they were afraid they would have them to support. We wonder, if they had the same population now, whether they would take the same course. The formation of the Poor-law Unions has made a great change in the expenditure of the poor-rates; and although each parish has the overseeing of its own poor, and the disbursement of the rates as in former times, what is now called local government is somewhat expensive, and is only local in name, being under the surveillance of paid officials from the Government, with union houses, called workhouses,

instead of the cottages where the paupers were housed in olden times, and where the aged couples were not parted from each other as now. An Act passed in the reign of Elizabeth enacted that no cottages be erected without an allotment of four acres, and every labourer had a right of turning a cow out on to the waste. At that time wheat was 6s. 8d. per bushel; waste land worth about a shilling an acre, equal to £1 now; wages 4d. to 6d. per day; a sheep worth about 2s. 4d., equal to 14s. now; and a soldier received 6d. per day. Those were the good old times!

The growth of wheat, especially in Westmoreland, is not a staple production, but much of the lower alluvial plains in the neighbourhood of Warcop and down the vale of the Eden is suitable for its production, as well as for the growth of barley. For the introduction of wheat into this country no doubt we are indebted to our fore-elders, who made excursions to the East, and to the Phœnicians, who traded to this country to the coast of Cornwall for tin, by way of Marseilles. The staff of life to the ancient Britons was undoubtedly the *acorn*, and long subsequently great attention was paid to the immense forests that

overran vast tracts of country. The oat from Scandinavia seems, as the forests decreased and population increased in these islands, to have taken the place of the acorn in the manufacture of bread, as well as a *coarse* grain called *bigg*, similar to barley, which till recent times was largely used for food by the common people. It has long since been ascertained that the Gauls practised the art of what modern agriculturists term ensilage, and that in times of peace they buried large stores of acorns, chestnuts, and beech-mast, to be exhumed and used for food in times of scarcity and when at war. French bread was made of corn pounded in mortars and handmills. Several handmill stones have been found in Westmoreland. The corn so bruised was made into cakes called *galette*, or unleavened dough, and was baked in ashes. *Galette*, or *galet*, applied equally to a round flat stone or a flat cake, and is, according to some, of Phœnician derivation—Hebrew *galad*, Celtic *kaled*, signifying hard, and from which, according to Camden, the word Caledonia is derived, the ancient name of Scotland—

“Caledonia stern and wild.”

On the line of march between England and Scotland

has been found, whether of Roman manufacture or of more modern times, two singular articles (probably formerly in one) not unlike a hand-glass frame in use by the ladies of our time, not far from Shap Wells, when digging peat out of a bog. They consist of two bronze frames with bevelled edges, in which, if the two were placed together, might be inserted a piece of metal or glass, which may have been in use as an article of the toilet or for other purposes, probably to turn a cake baked in ashes.

CHAPTER III.

“Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign.”

SCOTT.

AT the gatherings among country people, there is often a large amount of gossip and curious surmises about persons and things generally. An old maiden lady once asked another rather younger, when busy at the quilting frames, “What head do old maids come under in the prayers of the Church, think you?” The other replied, “Perhaps as the desolate and oppressed.” The expressions in this part of the country are peculiar, *e.g.*, “As dead as a herring,” “As slippery as an eel,” “As sharp as a lop,” “As poor as a kirk mouse,” “As feckless as a hen,” “As fause as a fox,” “It snapt like a bunnel” (hemlock), “He will not part wi’ th’ reek of his kail,” “He would skin a flint,” “An idle man is a lazy lout—

a sly one as deft as a thief in a mill." The proverbs are innumerable, *e.g.*, "Never cast a clout till May be out," "Easy got, easy gone," "Many haws, many cold toes," "Like master, like man," "Dree as haver (oat) malt," "Fleec't ewe, fleec't lamb," "Love me, love my dog."

An eccentric tailor once played off a joke upon some men who professed geology, by telling them he could get any quantity of specimens from an extinct volcano, not far from Kirkby Stephen. They told him to send some to an address in London, and gave him a guinea. On coming down the next year, after being heartily laughed at at home for their gullibility, they sent for the tailor, a well-known wit, and after upbraiding him with sending a lot of slag and rubbish, he said if they would pay his passage to London and back he would go and explain it to the gentlemen, who had, he assured them, not understood the specimens. A bystander was so tickled that he slipped half a crown into the tailor's hand, saying, "Well done, Jack, thou's fit to sit them all." Another eccentric fellow went to the justice-room, and opening the door, exclaimed, "Hulloa, a hundred justices." The chairman, knowing the man,

looked up, and asked him how he made that appear. "Why," he said, "there's yersel and two cyphers." This man, Neddy Becham by name, used to wander all over the country and excite the mirth and curiosity of the people. He once alarmed the inhabitants of Appleby by wrapping himself in hay-bands, and, setting fire to them, rolled down the street at midnight calling out "Fire, fire." This has been excelled, however, by a wag in recent times, who brought the people out at midday by an announcement, through the bellman, that a certain professor would walk on the river about noon. The people, never thinking that it was the 1st of April, flocked in great numbers, much to their chagrin, but to the great amusement of the author of the hoax. Joe Matcham, another worthy, used to attend funerals, and made some remarks, very frequently after the service, on the character of the deceased. Here is a specimen on the death of an organist at Appleby :

"Oh, cruel Death, where is thy sting?
Thou's worse than any viper ;
Thou's gone and murdered Willy Ling,
That noted organist and piper."

He was very fond of horses, and would mount a horse whenever a chance arose. It is related, when watering a horse below the bridge at Appleby, that some wag told him to ride farther in. Joe replied, "Let it drink this first." He at last mounted a horse in front of the "Red Lion" at Kirkby Stephen. His wife happened to be standing near, and wished him to desist, but he persisted in mounting it, and said—

"Farewell to Bet, I've had enough of thee :
And now to glory let me ride with glee."

He was killed in a few minutes by a fall from the horse, near the Town-head. There resided at the village of Winton an old man whose belief was so thorough in witches, that he returned from going to Appleby market because the wheels of his cart came off, never dreaming that it was possible, as was the fact, that the linch-pins had been taken out by the scholars at the boarding-school. This old man used to carry with him a rowan-tree staff, which he forgot that morning—hence the mishap. He used to wear in his beaver hat a hare's foot on one side, and a piece of rowan-tree bark or leaf on the other—this, of course, to keep the witches away.

The superstitions of a country remain, and are handed down with more certainty, amongst the poorer classes, than the deeds of renown of the hunting and warlike barons of a former period. The scar called Ewbank Scar, above Hartley Castle, derived its name, so tradition tells us, from the fact that a Ewbank from Stainmoor rode over it after a stag, not knowing that a fatal chasm was concealed on account of the level appearance of the ground on both sides of it, the horseman and stag meeting their death at the same spot. This, as well as the "Legend of the Wild Boar," has been beautifully rendered in poetry by two native bards, Joe Steel and John Armstrong, extracts from which are found in this compilation. The natural curiosities in the neighbourhood of this place have been portrayed in rhyme with very pleasing effect, which we are not able to give in full. Stenkrith Bridge is well worth visiting, with the curious rocks below it; and the noble viaducts on the South Durham Railway, over Podgill and Merrygill, near Hartley, as well as the magnificent iron bridge spanning the Belah Gorge just below Barras station, on East Stainmoor, and others leading up to the summit near Maiden Castle

and Rere Cross, where Malcolm II., King of Scotland, placed his standard when the two northern counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland were under his sway—all these and other curiosities of wood and dale, of ruined castle, and many other things of minor note, would well repay the tourist on his route through these parts for investigating. Old and new link the past with the present, and render a true interest to the antiquarian and scientific mind.

It is said that witches will not follow you over the keystone of the bridge (*vide* “Tam o’ Shanter”); nor will they go over a running stream. At a place called Hauskeugh, in Ravenstonedale, there is supposed to be a ghost which will not appear if you whistle three times. At Kickersgill, not far from this place, is a legend that some crockery which was taken away by some people when moving, always came back again. The same was said of a skull that used to be at the foot of a stair at Hayfell. These supposed relics of some tragedy of ancient date no doubt are set at rest (exorcised) by the intervention of the same agency that laid the spirit of Jinling Annas, near Kirkby Stephen; at any rate, we

are not aware they are to be seen in these places nowadays.

It was told to us by Joe Steel, the mason poet, that while digging an ashpit in a house not far from the Wath in Ravenstonedale, belonging to Squire Thompson, he found a bottle full of crooked pins, which he conjectured had been buried to keep the witches away, as he was informed that the children had been ill with a fever, and the cows had cast their calves ; all coincident to the prevailing idea at the time that such things could not occur except from the agency of malevolent spirits, and notably witches. It was said that such and such a one had cast the evil eye—a poor, wretched, dirty old woman, probably, whose only crime was dirt and poverty.

ORTON DOBBIE.

A GHOST STORY IN RHYME.

BY T. G.

SOME forty years ago, I ween,
Strange sounds were heard and sights were seen
On hillside farm far up the fell,
Where cowslips grow and heatherbell.

Its site is bare, no woodlands near,
But brooks are bubbling fresh and clear ;
There's Jeffrey Mount and Roger How,
And Borough Bridge just on the brow.

The Pennine Range and Cumbrian Hills
Here meet in strange fantastic gills
Of undulating rising ground—
Form ridge on ridge and mound on mound.

Then stretching north are far-famed fells,
And health resort—short named the “Wells,”
Where gentry come and humble folk,
The waters take, and appetite invoke,

Where heather blooms ; fresh air to cull
And visions see—no cares to dull ;
Visions of health not long to seek,
Regaled on hams and eggs and steak.

Not far to reach, of fair renown,
Is a fine church in Orton town ;
And further still, in road reverse,
Is the old abbey—Shap, of course.

And Shap itself, renowned in story,
With its old church so grim and hoary,
Reminds us of those sylvan days
When monks were wont to preach, and praise

The Almighty Power who had them blest,
And placed them in so snug a nest.
But spoilers came, the nest pulled down,
And revelled in the adjacent town.

The Druids, too, have left their mark,
And circle cromlech like the ark
Are seen, but squandered, as you'll say,
In modern times by a railway.

But we return to Lune's fair brink,
And Birkbeck leave, which thus does link
The valley and the hill together—
One through verdant fields, the other past the heather.

My tale now localized ; strange story though,
When pots and pans such din bestow
As all the country rings with news,
A dobbie or a ghost broke loose.

Some said a murder had been done,
Others said it was nothing they need shun.
But when pots are whizzing through the air,
And tables dance a hornpipe with a chair,

The cradle rocks, the kettle jumps off t'fire,
And t'churn is met walking quite entire,
Without the aid of man or woman's wit,
No rest at all—the cause know not a bit.

A domestic, more than half suspected,
Was watched, but seldom was detected.
The wise went to unravel ; the sages met,
But nothing could make out or knowledge get.

The country round was in a scare ;
Dr. Fairer long dead, no good to get there,
His books were hunted, black art tried,
Nothing unravelled, but mystified.

Sorcery and witchcraft each were blamed,
The parsons came—were not ashamed,
“Endor's witch,” a precedent had they,
And Holy Writ, who could that gainsay?

Such things were done in ancient times,
Why not now on other lines?—
The family living at the house
Interrogated ; it was no use.

Speculation caused by the sudden death
Of a dweller on this lonely heath
Was rife, when an aged man was found
Stiff and stark dead upon the ground ;

The inquisition on him a cause failed to show,
Therefore nothing can ourselves now know.
Whether by means natural or foul
The body died and left a troubled soul,

To revisit earth in this flighty way,
To give vent to rumour and to cause dismay,
The wits and wise men puzzled were,
And crowds did go, were thus attracted there.

A coach was run, with "Orton Dobbie" inscribed thereon.
On Brough Hill fair, which many looked upon,
That sight I saw—'twas strange to see,
What puzzled others, often puzzled me. ¹

¹ This occurrence created at the time a great sensation in Westmoreland. Many inquiries have been set on foot to elucidate the mystery, some considering that some one had been practising spirit-rapping ; but whatever may have been the cause, there has never been any explanation given of a satisfactory nature, and the manifestations ceased as suddenly as they began, after continuing a few weeks, and have never since been seen or heard of.

In these days the position of the statesman and farmer are so equalized that it is difficult to distinguish them; while, on the other hand, the more opulent of farmers upon large farms often vie with the neighbouring gentry in their style of living. In other walks of life, such as the local clergy, who indeed were sometimes, as now, ordained as literates, we see a wide difference: not only are their stipends increased (some, however, have far too little), but their sphere of labour is now totally different. Very few, if any, now engage in agriculture, others are active magistrates; some more or less Ritualists, whose time is occupied more or less in church duties and observances; while others are interested in politics or antiquarian research. But in former times it is related, that so poor were the livings in such places as Patterdale (Patrick's Dale) and Swindale (Swin—a curved or crooked dale), near Haweswater, that the minister had whittle-gate (whittle or knife) and gate (free board) at every farm or other house in the parish, turn and turn about for a week together, but also employed himself for hire, at sheep-shearing, hay harvest, and other employments incident to the times; in winter even knitting and teaching school,

as well as doing the service of the church. Mr. Gilpin, writing in 1772, says that a Mr. Mattinson was minister of Patterdale for sixty years under these auspices ; and Mr. Walker, of Seathwaite, called Wonderful Walker, was also under the same necessity to augment his income, the stipend ranging from £12 to £20 per annum only—of course equal now to four or five times as much : but they saved, brought up a family, and (the former at least), after sending one or more to the University, died at the age of ninety, and left two thousand pounds in money. Such is an example of the manners and thrift of the clergy in those small isolated parishes in those days. A clergyman there married and buried his nearest friend and relation, having married to a second wife his own father ; when he died some years after he buried him, and performed the service over his remains. Such were the isolation and simple manners of the times. It appears from Mr. Gilpin that Inglewood forest extended as far south as Plumpton, where a large Roman station, or station camp, is apparent, not unlike the modern encampment. The roads made by the Romans were uniformly straight, and you seldom see a road of Roman construction of a winding

nature, their model being the Appian way; at Ragmire, where the road formerly crossed, a boy found some large wooden frameworks, unimpaired by time, which the Romans had laid as a foundation for their causeway. This latter word (causey) occurs frequently now in the neighbourhood of villages, and is no doubt in some way attributable to their (the Romans') interference. It is not to be supposed that all Roman roads were military roads, although their outpost roads no doubt were often where villages now stand, and it is very likely that numerous places owe their origin to the Romans, where the people located then, either as camp followers or agriculturists. About a hundred years ago it is recorded that Patterdale was invaded, then, as now, by sightseers from towns, who, instead of improving themselves by the simple and virtuous habits of the residents, endeavoured to contaminate them; *e.g.*, they were induced to carry their horses on a flat-bottomed boat to the middle of the lake, when a plug was taken out, and the boat sank, when of course the poor horses made for the shore, the owner of the first which landed being the winner of a prize. This shows a spirit of cruelty,

not unmingled with a species of heathenish gratification, as real as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, or any other practice which tends to torture an animal for the excitement either of gain or less unworthy motives. From this lake is seen the conical hill of Dunmallet—here is a name, in our opinion, not unlike Dunmailraise, probably derived from the same source, only in this latter case it appears in the diminutive as the (at one time at least) small bare hill.

At Crosby Garrett is a church placed upon the summit of a hill, which is a conspicuous object for some distance, but very troublesome for aged and infirm persons to approach ; the legend is that the stones were placed for building a church in the village during the day, but found on the top of the hill in the morning. The work inside the church is somewhat unique, but of a very restricted nature, it being in the cathedral style of Norman architecture. There are some specimens of stained glass, and a portion of it is very ancient. The hagioscope is here to be seen in perfection. Captain Johnson, who has considerable property here and a villa residence, was instrumental a few years ago in restoring the north aisle, in which is the hagioscope, and keeping it in

its original character. A stained-glass window has been inserted to the memory of the Rev. Mark Newby ; subject, John Preaching in the Wilderness. There is a tablet to the memory of M. Thompson, Esq., of Stobars Hall, near Kirkby Stephen, erected by his sister, who recently bought the manor and advowson of the trustees of W. Crawford, Esq., who had previously succeeded to it by devise of the Rev. W. Bird, a former incumbent.

Churches situated like the church at Crosby Garrett appear to our eyes as somewhat strange—in fact, are very inconvenient. The climb up is very fatiguing to elderly people, and the situation is altogether unlike what obtains in most places ; but we must look to ages long past to ascertain the reason why places of worship were placed in such positions. The hill upon which the church stands at Crosby Garrett is one of peculiar shape. On one side of it is a precipice which is difficult, if not impossible, to mount ; on the other sides are declivities of abrupt descent. The hill itself might indeed have been selected as a fort beacon, or place of worship in former times, and possibly it may have been used for all these purposes. It commands

a view of the valley by which it is surrounded ; it would, if a beacon, be in full view of those places on Cross or Roman Fells. But the most probable cause of the church being built where it is, is that it was a place used by the Druids in their religious ceremonial, or by the Pagans, who selected elevated positions to worship;—if by fire, then it could be seen to great advantage by the neighbouring people at a great distance ; if the worshippers were addicted to worship the rising sun, as in ancient times the Pagans were, then this place would, in the eyes of the inhabitants in those times, be a sacred place. And therefore it is not improbable that it might be a sanctuary or safe retreat for the inhabitants of the place, as well as its usefulness as a beacon, whereon could be placed a light, either on its tower or hung from some projecting point, to warn the district of the approach of marauders, who might, leaving the vale of the Eden at any point, make a raid into the secluded valley in which the village stands.

CHAPTER IV.

“ With the past and with the present,
Quaint old manners still are linked,
Olden customs grave and pleasant
Lingering still, though nigh extinct.”—C. T. C.

ONE of the obsolete customs is that of putting drunkards in the stocks as a punishment. There was formerly a custom called the “ Hen-hunt ” on Shrove Tuesday—this Joe Steel has described elsewhere in verse called “ The Hen Sacrifice.” It appears that about a dozen men were blindfolded ; the hen was put into a pit, and those who first struck the hen were proclaimed the victors. This custom was abolished in the lifetime of the late Captain Irving, an active magistrate then residing at Wharton Hall. It is supposed that this amusement arose from

the fowl being considered to be a delicacy for the labourer in ancient times. So says Tusser, in 1620—

“ At Shrovetide to Shroving, go thresh the fat hen,
If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men ;
Maids, fritters and pancakes, enough see you make,
Let Slut have one pancake, for company's sake ”—

and so on.

Tusser Redivivus, his annotator, relates that the hen is hung on a fellow's back, who has also some horse bells about him (pack-horse bells, we suppose); the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and the hen about some large court or small enclosure. The fellow with his hen and bells shifting as well as he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his hen; other times he can get behind some of them, they thresh one another favouredly (*sic*). But the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweet-hearts with a peeping-hole, while the others look out sharp so as to hinder it. After this the hen is boiled with bacon, and stores of pancakes and

fritters are made. Tusser again says that the hen that did not lay eggs before Shrove Tuesday was threshed with a flail, and if killed, the man got her for his pains. In other places a hen was thrown down and maltreated by the blinded ruffians, and the legends say the hen spoke. But we refrain.

At Brough, near Stainmoor, is a curious custom—striving for the holly. This takes place on Epiphany, or twelfth night. A large piece of holly is placed on the bridge in the middle of the town, and those who are lucky to get it on their side of the bridge, have the merry night or dancing at the public-house on the winning side of the stream. There is a difference of opinion as to the origin of twelfth day. Brand says that “though its customs vary in different countries, yet they concur in the same end, that is, to do honour to the Eastern Magi.” He afterwards observes, that the practise of choosing “King” on twelfth day is similar to a custom that existed amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, who, on the festival of Saturn, about this season of the year, drew lots for kingdoms, and, like kings, exercised their temporary authority. Mr. Fosbroke affirms that “the King of Saturnalia was elected by

beans." This election by beans leaves little doubt that the practice, although rather different at Brough, is the remains of Druidical or other superstitious ceremonies (*vide* Fosbroke, "Dictionary of Antiquities"). In France, "twelfth" cake has a bean in it, and the drawing is held for the slices; the one who gets the bean is King or Queen. There is another curious custom still existing. If a person afflicted with warts put some smooth pebbles into a sheep's bladder, and throw them over the left shoulder, the warts are said to disappear. The custom of collecting eggs as Easter dues is still kept up in some parishes, which go to the priest; while the parish clerk has his threepence or fourpence per head at this season. The boys keep up the custom of "pace egging," and also that of Guy Fawkes. This last, however, is almost universal. A bull-ring used to be shown, and the stone that it was fixed into, at Kirkby Stephen; the practice of bull-baiting as well as cock-fighting forming one of the amusements of former times. The custom of "Riding the Stang" used to be practised formerly in Westmoreland. A man or a boy would bestride a piece of wood—a pole or stang, as it was called—and then

be carried shoulder high. This was a form of popular rebuke, and has not long been disused. It held up to ridicule a delinquent in the eyes of his neighbours, and was generally practised when a person was guilty of wife-beating or inconstancy. The procession would stop at intervals on its way through the town or village, and especially before the person's house represented, the rider reciting the following ditty—

“ It is not for me that I ride the stang,
But for ——, who did his wife bang ; ”

to which was added the cause of the domestic quarrel, in the form of an impromptu oration. Another custom, now obsolete, was when any person an inmate of the workhouse died, a boy or man used to go along the street of the town of Kirkby Stephen with a bell, somewhat like that of a town-crier, and give the name of the dead person, and when he or she was to be buried. This might be for the purpose of acquainting any one who knew the party when out of the house who might be desirous of attending the funeral, pauper funerals not being generally very well attended.

The conveyance of goods and merchandize in olden times by pack-horses is worthy of note. Whole strings of horses at stated intervals, about eighty or a hundred years ago, passed from Kendal to Darlington, *viâ* Waitby and Stainmoor. Some of the cross lanes and fording places still exist, notably one called Greensike Lane, near Kirkby Stephen, coming out opposite the head of Winton Road, near Eden Place, in the township of Hartley: of this we shall treat more fully in another chapter. The gathering at sheep-shearings and sheep-washings is made more or less the occasions of merry-making. Boon ploughings, sile raisings (timber for roof), are also a mixture of working and feasting; while the statute hiring, where men and masters meet at Martinmas and Whitsuntide to arrange terms, are still in vogue. Some people deprecate them, while others look upon them as convenient. The sports and pastimes of a neighbourhood have great effect, no doubt, upon its morals, and as people must have recreation, it is not to be wondered at that any kind of sport is well patronized. There is growing up, however, an opinion that "Athletic Sports" contribute, when well conducted, to supply

a want of which young people are not slow of availing themselves. This, with galas, where bands of music are engaged and dancing patronized, are no doubt an innocent and commendable mode of enjoyment, while flower-shows and rush-bearings contribute not a little to the cultivation of a spirit of commendable rivalry, in growing choice varieties of flowers; but the latter custom carries the mind back to the time when rushes really were bedded on the floor of the church, as is now done in the parish of Pavenham, near Bedford, every year, because the patron of the living holds a field conditionally that this is done, but flowers in other places are now substituted by being placed on the walls and other conspicuous places in the church; These so-called rush-bearings are held in this country at Warcop, Musgrave, and Grasmere.

We cannot close this chapter without noticing the mines of Dufton, Hilton, and Murton, which, however, are not now so flourishing as they were a few years ago. These mines are leased by the London Lead Mining Company from the respective lords of the manors, and are an offshoot of that more gigantic operation of mining which has been carried on for

more than half a century at Middleton in Teesdale, Weardale, and other places in the county of Durham. These works are not very far distant, however, as the crow flies, and the pedestrian who undertakes to go across the Fells by way of High-cup Gill, passing Cauldron Snout on the other side, will be rewarded by the magnificent scenery which presents itself to his view as he journeys down the vale of Teesdale, past High Force, and so on to Middleton. The system of payment some years ago was, and we believe still is, somewhat peculiar, and exercises considerable influence upon the fortunes of the miners and their domestic relations. For instance, a miner is debited with the output of lead only which he is fortunate to find, while to reach it he sometimes works for months and years before he realizes any profit. In the meantime the company allows him what is called subsistence (subsist money at the rate of ten shillings formerly, but now we hear of fifteen shillings weekly). Yearly accounts and profits are declared annually about the new year, and it sometimes happens that the fortunate miner has probably from £50 to £100 or more to his credit over and above his subsistence money;

while on the other hand many are in debt to the amount of the money received in weekly payments. This is a hardship, we think, and scarcely fair, because it is speculative and the poor man is doing dead work for the company, which is a monopoly. The case does not rest here, for formerly—and we know nothing to the contrary—many men were in debt all their lives, and the son had to rub off the debt of the father, and so on, until he positively could not in some instances see his way to clear himself in a lifetime; and if he left his work in debt, he would never be employed again by the same company. Many have emigrated to quit themselves of this burden, and begun life in a new part of the world—notably at a place called *Galena* in America, which term denotes the lead region. Such is an instance of a Trade Union the opposite of what generally obtains in other works and trading communities in this country.

The names of places in this county are significant of ancient times, such as Ladyford, Ladywell (Our Lady's well). Shaws signify a scrubby wood; a grange, a farm building in a park-like enclosure; scout, a look-out, as Scout Green; and so on. The

various names of fields have been given to denote some peculiarity of the location or incident that has taken place near them. Elevated positions have often been the site of villages long since swept away, while some fields contain ruins which are sometimes set down as places of worship, sacrifice, or burial. At a county archæological meeting (June, 1878) the question of local names was broached, and amongst others the word “rees,” as applicable to “raise” (Dun Mail Raise). The legendary part of it we pass over, as to the suppositious doings of King Dunmail, &c., and proceed to mark that as Dun denotes a hill, Moel bare, and Raise rise or “rees,” that the name is evident from the appearance of the hill itself, being raised mound-like. It was also stated at that meeting that Raise meant a stone heap. The word is ubiquitous: *stenkrith*, *sten*, *stennis*, stone; *rith*, red, the *k* being evidently added; and in *Stenniskeugh* (stony level), *keugh* is used instead of *haugh*, the stones on which might easily be raised into an heap—but as we have also *hurrock* and *cairn*, Raise is probably far-fetched. If this word indicated a stone heap on the top of a hill, where the bones of warriors were interred, it is a pity that it was not more generally known, and

many a stone heap on the top of a hill might have been explored ere this to some purpose. We should rather hold to the name of Barrow for places of ancient sepulchre, because proof of these holding the remains of warriors, or skeletons of men supposed to be such, have been laid bare by the labours of Canons Greenwell, Simpson, and others, at Raset, near Mason Wath, and Kilman (or Kinman), near Sunbiggin, in this county. It is notable that these skeletons were found buried with hollow troughs like wooden spouts alongside, through which had passed fire, to the extent of charring the inside of the trough, and so making them impervious to decay. Stones were carefully laid about them, and being in a dry situation, the bones were found in good preservation. Some of the mounds had been disturbed, however, possibly by previous explorers of whom we have no account. It is evident, however, that without these precautions, these remains of what are supposed to have been Pictish warriors would have long ago crumbled into dust. To return to the word Raise. Not far from Sunbiggin rises a stream flowing immediately at the foot of a hill on which the village or hamlet of Raisebeck stands, while a

mile or so further on, at the foot of a ravine on the same brook, stands Raisgill Hall, an ancient farmhouse—the one, viz. Raisebeck, being on a mound at the rise of the Beck, and the other at the foot of the gill, or where it rises above, thus denoting Raise or the rise of the gill. On the opposite side of the Lune, overlooking this gill is Gaisgill, the word “gaze,” we presume, being significant of the look-out upon the gill; and so on, while we have Redgill, Longgill, Over-le-Gill, and many others; Ellergill, the ellor or alder gill, a tree the wood of which is sought after for making the soles of clogs. Cotegill, Archer Hill, and Eastgill, all denote their positions exactly. Some places derive their names from shape, as Gibbert’s, a hill between Raisebeck and Orton—from Gibbous, crooked; ber, or bergh, a hill. There is a hill near Wild-boar Fell called Clouds. Evidently this name is of Celtic origin (Clwd), a collection of stones being the main objects. (Wilbert) Wildboar Fell, the word Kelleth, the name of a hamlet, Stenniskeugh—Stennis, stone; haugh, level ground—are again significant. Dr. Burn, in his history of Westmoreland, says Kelleth is derived from keld, a well, and lyth, soft—which latter is evidently a misnomer, because

we have proof that it is directly opposite. Keld is a term used for well, for we have it in many places, as Cold Keld in Ravenstonedale ; but the word lyth, from lithos, Greek, a stone—(Query : How do Greek names occur here ; have the Phœnicians travelled north from Cornwall?)—is directly the opposite to soft—*e.g.*, Lytheside and other places, where the ground is on limestone, and the water, from holding lime in solution, is hardened. The old village of Tebay, being at the confluence of the Birbeck with the Lune, spreads out into a broad estuary, and therefore would be called “ the bay.” Coatgill and Coatflat, from cote, A.S. cuit, Welsh, a cot or small dwelling, or gathering place, an enclosure for sheep and cattle ; and Bybeck, from By, a dwelling on the Beck—these names are easily understood. In the neighbourhood of Waitby, Wharton, and at Ashfell, Sunbiggin, and Crosby, are many other names denoting sacrifice, worship, or burial. For instance, the villages of Wharton and Hartley do not stand in the same places as formerly. Hartley possibly stood in the park above, called Cellarance (clearance), and probably the village was removed into the hollow for the same purpose as Wharton was removed, to

make way for a deer-park, by a former owner. At Orton, on the eastern side of the village, are foundations showing that the ancient town of Orton was much larger. In fact, as Overton, it must have been very much larger, to have merited a charter for a market many centuries ago. The market, although now held on a Wednesday, was formerly held on a Friday. On the east and west coast of England, wherever a Danish or Norwegian settlement was founded, the names still remain—as Thorp, Thwaite, and many others. From Suffolk to Aberdeen the eastern shores of this country were occupied by the Norwegian (Norsemen), Danish, and Angle settlers; the northern regions of England, Scotland, and islands west of Scotland, formed part of the Scandinavian Kingdom under Malcolm III. The Gaels held the west Highlands, the Cymric Picts the Lowlands. After the Norman Conquest the Saxon heir to the crown of England retired to the court of Scotland, and Malcolm married one of his sisters at Dunfermline in 1070. His successor, Malcolm IV., grandson of David I. of Scotland, was (after being defeated by Somerland, Chief of the Isles, near Renfrew, in 1164) induced by Henry II., much to the

regret of his countrymen, to exchange the territories held by the Scottish kings in England—which included the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland—for the earldom of Huntingdon. Besides the use of several local words at this day along with a sprinkling of the Celtic, there still remain a goodly number of words in daily use for which we are indebted to the Norse and Danish invader. It will be seen from this and the different complexions of the inhabitants of England and their physiognomy that they are a mixed breed; some have very light auburn or sandy hair, others brown or black, according as they are descended from the Norman, Saxon, Danish, or Norwegian, who have remained in this country after their invasions of it.

The parish of Ravenstonedale is noted for having some of the oldest Dissenting places of worship in England. There is in the centre of the village the Independent Chapel, recently restored, and now ministered in by a resident minister, who has a well-built house, called the Manse, at the top of the village, as his residence. The burial-ground, in front of the chapel, is neat, and in it reposes many branches of the Hewetson family. It is kept in good order,

and perhaps is one of the best memorials which carries the mind back to the Commonwealth. Close by the road to Sedbergh, at Fell End, in the same parish, is what appears to be a compound of old school-house and barn, but a portion of which is really an ancient Friends' Meeting-house. Just within the gate, to the left on entrance, without memorial-stone or anything to mark the spot, lie the remains of several Friends who have been interred here. It is a lonely, neglected place, and the only care seemingly bestowed upon the hallowed ground is given it by the tenant of the adjoining barn, who has put up a few hurdles to prevent the cattle from trampling on the neglected graves of the Friends who have been interred here. Query: Are there no Friends to look better after such-like places, or relatives of the dead to at least show some respect to the memory of those who doubtless were as sincere as their survivors in the faith, and had kindred feelings of decency, to which all Quakers lay claim?

The names of villages and fields which frequently occur in this county are significant, such as Yan Wath, Mazon Wath, Sand Wath, Sand Pot, Sand Field, denoting proximity to water; Ridding, a

clearance of wood ; Rowgate, a place to mark cattle ; Melgate, a boundary ; Merestone, an upright stone for the same purpose. Some fields near Kirkby Stephen called Stamps (sluice fields), at the foot of what was once a tarn, evidently got their name from having sluices to prevent overflows of water in summer, and thus saving the crops. The tarn is now filled up. A lane called Bloody Bones, near here, is said to be the place where cattle were buried during the cattle plague which ravaged the country in the year 1747. The parish of Ravenstonedale was formerly noted for two things—a court of probate and a deer park, the latter belonging to the former owners of Wharton Hall. At a place called Cote Moor it is said Sir James Lowther used to encamp during the shooting season, not far from Ellergill. The word “ Eller ” often occurs in this part, and denotes the wood alder, from which clog soles are usually made.

There are many places of interest—the Roman Road, called street in this neighbourhood, beneath the foot of or at Wild-boar Fell, and other objects of passing interest ; the noble mansion built to the east of Cote Moor by the late John Hewetson, Esq. ; the old-fashioned yeoman-like dwelling of Tarn House,

belonging formerly to Sir Thos. Fothergill, standard-bearer to the first Lord Wharton, when Lord Warden of the Marches, and which is noted for massive oak furniture collected by the late Thomas Fawcett, Esq., of Sedbergh, a former proprietor. It is now the property of John Fothergill, Esq., of Brownber, in Ravenstonedale. At a place near Greenside, on the grounds of the late Mrs. Chamberlain, is a spring which ebbs and flows according, as it is said, to the state of the tide. The sea, being forty miles away, cannot, we should think, influence it. It is a fact that the spring subsides and then appears again at intervals. This parish was formerly noted for the knitting of stockings, and to show the state of wages at that time I have recorded an instance where a man of the name of Ward, a native of Orton, was engaged somewhere about ninety or a hundred years ago, and who died perhaps about forty years ago. At any rate his son, who died at the age of seventy, some five years ago told me this story, that his father was hired to Mr. Hewetson of Ellergill for twenty-nine shillings the winter half-year, and that half-year being from Martinmas to Whitsuntide, the latter being a movable feast, had exactly twenty-

nine weeks in it, and that for the first quarter, or until Candlemas or a little after, during the long nights he used to knit stockings for the master, who sold them for sixpence a pair, and that he could knit a pair of stockings every week. We wonder if the young men of to-day would knit stockings every winter night, if they could, for the master, at sixpence per pair. The Mr. Hewetson who owned Ellergill at that time was ancestor of the present owner, and grandfather to the late John Hewetson, Esq., who, setting off from home with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket, amassed nearly a million of money in London, his will being proved for £800,000 in money and thirteen estates, and who, dying without issue, enriched many of his relatives in this country, principally nephews and nieces. It is recorded of another old gentleman who resided at Northwaite, at the extreme southern point of the county in Ravenstonedale, that before the bridge was built leading up to that place, he and the family used to ford the river by means of a pair of stilts, and that, when a new servant was engaged, sometimes a ridiculous *contretemps* occurred. A boy would be despatched, and have to ford the river on

stilts, with a burden of hay generally in the winter time, for the sheep depasturing on the moor on the other side, when very likely, owing to the uneven bottom of the brook, hay and boy were plunged head over ears into the water. The old yeoman was generally in hiding to rush to the rescue if needed, and enjoyed the joke amazingly. At this place it is usual to carry the manure in panniers up the hillsides, and let it fall out by a slide at the bottom, owing to the steepness of the ground; or in some places a sledge can be used, with boarded sides, for the same purpose. This occurs also at Mallerstang, on the steep hillsides, upon the ridge of the western side of which runs along the railway from Settle to Carlisle. Carts used to be made formerly with long sides and upright spindle-like supports, for carting turves and peats (elding—A.S. *eild*, fire) in those parts, and may still be in use. The gear for horses was generally very primitive, rushes (sieves) being used to make the collars (braighams) with, wooden hames to fix the traces to the collar, and the breeching or stays made of girthing or hemp; the only part they were indebted to the saddler for being the saddle, in which of course the saddle-tree is fixed

and covered with leather. A halter did service for a bridle; if a young horse shied, it was not unusual to stitch an old hat-rim to the sides of the halter-head to prevent the horse from running away, this part of the hat being called the flype; bedding for cattle, now as then, being obtainable from the morasses on the moors, in the form of rushes.

Such were some of the habits of a former generation, and then, as now, economy was the rule and order of the day amongst the dalesmen.

The Roman station of Burton is not far to the east of Warcop. Here the word Bur occurs again, the Bergh fort or hill town. *Burdock*, a sort of teasle, has been suggested, but this we dismiss. Brough, with its ruined castle on the site of a Roman fort, is sufficiently clear, and does not require comment, looking to former explanations. When the Romans held this country, no doubt sufficient outposts or forts would be established—mainly to hold in check the Picts and Scots, against whom they erected their great work, the Roman Wall, between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Bowness on the Solway. The Roman station at Borrow Bridge has now been sufficiently examined to prove that, like the

more perfect structure of Birdoswald, near Gilsland,—the land of Ghylls (Gill, a ravine)—it has been a quadrangular work of great strength; the eastern gateway and ovens adjoining are very conspicuous. Two or three Roman coins were found after a recent exploration by the tenant, Mr. Day, who let the present writer see them.

Mauld's Meaburn, in the parish of Crosby Ravensworth, Maud being the name of the king's daughter to whom it was granted in former times, *vide* History of Westmoreland; and King's Meaburn, the same as retained by the king. The name Meaburn or Millburn—Latin, from *Meo*, to pass through; *Burn*, Scottice, a brook; or *Mel*, the stream running through the middle of the valley. Other derivations common to the district, as Crosby, the cross or church village in Saxon times; Ravensworth, Worth being the Saxon for village; By, the Danish, and probably from Raven, the ensign on the Danish flag, or the abode of the ravens, same as Ravenstonedale. In the vicinity of Mauld's Meaburn—in fact contiguous to it—is a mansion called *Flass House*. The word *Flass* is often met with; there is a *Flass* in Ravenstonedale. Probably, as both are near water, the word is a

corruption of *Floss*, which is used in connection with flowing water, from the Latin *fluo*, to flow. At the foot of the village of Meaburn is Meaburn Hall, the former residence of the Lowther family. This ancient building, the remains of which represent the ancient Tudor style of architecture, is surrounded by yew trees of great age—probably antecedent to the Battles of Cressy and Agincourt. Yew trees are here and there found about ancient houses and in some churchyards. Their evident use has been to make bows for warfare in ancient times, before the invention of gunpowder.

We have previously given a version of Dunmail-raise, as far as the derivation of the meaning of the word suggests itself. It was the boundary of the kingdoms of England and Scotland in ancient times, much more so than the division of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The latter county was not distinguished from the former in ancient times, being almost overrun by forests, and its boundaries not defined from Cumberland, but going under the latter name until the time of Malcolm II. of Scotland; in fact, it is said that the division was made by a Saxon Prince,

on the death of Dunmail, King of Cumberland, who was slain in battle. The Kingdom of Cumbria included ancient Westmoreland. The authentic history, however, of this rude monument is little known ; it consists of a monstrous pile of stones heaped on each side of an earthen mound—a gigantic cairn, such as was commonly reared in the North in those days to mark particular events, some of them not less rude in structure but of less formidable proportions. But for whatever purpose this rude monument was fabricated, it is a monument of antiquity of quite as much historical as legendary interest. In ancient times boundaries and landmarks were common in Eastern countries. Jacob, when he left his father-in-law's house with two wives abruptly, was overtaken by Laban, and after an altercation, made a treaty—a heap of stones—each of them taking it for a witness that neither of them was to pass over it to the other's harm. Mr. Gilpin, writing in 1772, in corroboration that Cumberland and Westmoreland were looked upon as one in former times (although he makes a distinction at that date of course), speaking of the entrance into Cumberland as a scene “marked very strongly with the sublime,”

in a foot-note to his "Tour" says : " There are three passages of this chain of mountains into Cumberland. This by *Ambleside* is the wildest and most picturesque ; a second by *Brough* over Stainmoor is dreary rather than wild ; and a third by *Shap* is both." But this part, bounded by the Tebay gorge, was Westmoreland proper in former times, the Barony of Kendal, Burn observes, being counted as partly in Lancashire and Yorkshire in " Domesday Survey." It is, however, more particularly the nature of this work to confine ourselves to the East and West Wards, although the Ambleside and Lake Districts, naturally shut off from these wards, are now politically connected ; but the traveller, as he journeys from Barnard Castle by rail to Tebay, on emerging from the moorland district on the outskirts of Durham into Westmoreland, will be struck with the sudden panorama unfolded before him as he is whirled along from Barras over the Belah Viaduct, where is a lake-like expanse of country. This part of Westmoreland is known as the Valley of the Eden ; it stretches to the right far into Cumberland itself ; in fact, he has crossed the Pennine range, and is hurrying on to where the lake mountains or Cumbrian range

join together at the Tebay gorge, and form as it were the natural barrier of the political division at this point. The ancient hall of Hillbeck, now a modernized mansion, but none the less picturesque, lies on the height above Brough (Verteræ) Burgh, under Stainmoor, a station of the Romans, with the watch tower in the wood beyond, called *Fox Tower* ; and a glimpse of the ancient but ruined castle of Brough is plainly conspicuous. Such are some of the ancient and historical landmarks. Brough itself, serenely but solemnly picturesque, is waiting for the revivification of trade, when some enterprising mill-owner or manufacturer of the future, far from the busy marts and larger towns, sees fit to utilize the water-power and adapt some of the many sites and buildings, now fading away for want of enterprise, to some object of utility, either of manufacturing or engineering interest. We have often been struck that, with a population of the wage earning class and so much latent power running as it were to waste, the various places where water-power is plentiful have not been utilized. Can it be that this part of the country has been or is so conservative in its tendency that it brooks no inter-

ference with its isolation from the rest of the world ? —because the cost of transit is now no excuse, the railway runs near enough to most places, rents are comparatively low, and living comparatively cheap.

CHAPTER V.

NOWADAYS travelling by railway is a stupendous advance upon what was the common mode about a century ago, when pack-horses were the only mode of conveyance. We have seen a string of horses in our time come into the East Ward with bags of coal upon their backs—small horses, or Galloways, as they were locally called—on their way from the county of Durham; but this mode of conveyance was formerly the only one. At a former period, the narrow roads that still exist in some parts of the county were no doubt made purposely for this mode of conveyance, where it is impossible for a vehicle to pass another; and until Macadam made the discovery that broken stones could be made to consolidate the roads, and facilitate travelling, those narrow lanes were

the only roads that were kept up by the public, and called Township Roads; the turnpike, so called from the gate hung across the newly-formed roads, being put up by Trustees of Highways, and shares were taken in those roads on the same principle as we now invest in railways. The Trustees, after paying a dividend by the letting of the tolls thus collected at the Turnpike or Gate House, disbursed the remainder of the money in keeping up, or assisting the parishes to keep up, the repairs required, keeping a surveyor, who had the local government and surveillance of the parish official. Thus, carrying by packages on horseback gave place to carts and waggons, the saddle-horse for swift personal movements; and saddle-bags to coaches and other vehicles—the variety of which is common to our experience. The only canal in Westmoreland, starting from Kendal, conveyed passengers and light goods south to Preston, where the coaches ran from, to the metropolis; and, as canals ramified through the flat parts of England prior to coaching days, they were the most expeditious mode of transit at the time we write of. If the young people of this period like to interest themselves in inves-

tigating this subject, the roads from Newbiggin to Waitby, across Smardale Gill, above the railway viaduct, leading down from Waitby, through by Eden Place, and on to Winton—these will furnish them with proof enough that nothing has been said but facts about the extreme narrowness of the roads; and the wonder is that in some parts the road permitted a passage to a cavalcade of this sort when meeting each other; but the jingling bell of the leading horse or teamster would warn the traveller to seek a halting place or an easy open way to enable them to pass with comfort. The large hostelry of Low Borrow Bridge, with its narrow bridge without ledges, over a chasm of the Lune, a little below the present bridge, no doubt was in existence before the coaching days, or even before the perfect and macadamized road over Shap Fells was made. This dreary route will no doubt be remembered by those now getting into the sere and yellow leaf of age, as one of the wildest bits of road to be encountered between Penrith and Kendal. A pedestrian is said to have questioned a boy—alluding to the very wet weather often encountered here—"Well, my lad, does it always rain

here?" "Nay," said the lad, "it sometimes snaws" (snows). The hostelry of High Borrow Bridge stands on the margin of the old narrow road leading to Kendal, and the contour of the hills and ravines is called "demmings." These roads generally were carried straight up and down hill, and the small bridges here and there still existing show that no cart could possibly go over. A straight line drawn across from Kendal to Barnard Castle, would almost strike the entire route of the ancient roadway between those places, coming over by Bretherdale, at a place called Brest High. There is no doubt these localities at that time were more self-supporting than at present; more corn was grown than now in mountain districts, *i.e.*, oats, chiefly because wheat could not ripen owing to the high latitude of most parts; and it is evident from the numerous corn-mills, some in ruins, others still in working order, that each hamlet of a few houses was dependent upon the local supply of the necessary of life. Oatmeal and milk, bacon and potatoes, with a little barley bread, and an occasional bit of mutton, was the diet of the country people. Beef was seldom eaten fresh, but farmers joined

in a bullock or cow in the autumn, and dried cured beef was always used during the winter, being summer-fed; very few beeves being fattened in winter. Indian meal, linseed and cotton-cake were unknown as feeding-stuffs. Dried beef and bacon, along with pease-pudding, leeks and other vegetables, were the chief diet. Flour-bread from wheat, tea, and coffee were luxuries almost unknown to the hardy people of the north; but home-brewed ale, whey-sops and skimmed milk cheese were the chief substitutes.

Enough has been already said to show that at the time alluded to, when transit of goods was rare, and travelling irregular, many people never left their native dale during a life-time; and a person in our younger days who had journeyed to London, on re-appearing in his native dale after a short absence, was looked upon as a *rara avis*, or something out of the common line, and deserving of honour and commendation. Now, it will not be amiss if we endeavour to touch upon another mode of progress, and its development; we mean the railroad.

The first line made in this part was the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, which, entering the county near

Burton, in Kendal Ward, continues its way due north until it leaves the county at Yanwath, when it enters Cumberland. It cost upwards of a million and a quarter. This is at the rate of £17,000 per mile, and was completed in the short space of two years and a half. There is not a tunnel on the whole line from Lancaster to Carlisle, a length of over 70 miles, although it rises on Shap Summit to 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. The line was opened for traffic on the 15th of December, 1846. About fifteen years after, the South Durham and Lancaster Union Railway was opened, having its junction with the former line at Tebay. It passes over Stainmoor, and the stupendous nature of the work, owing to the number of viaducts which span the gorges of Podgill and Merrygill near Kirkby Stephen, and the immense iron bridge over the Belah gorge near Barras Station on Stainmoor, being over 200 feet high, with numerous others of solid masonry, renders it a remarkable achievement of engineering skill. It likewise has no tunnels. The line rises to a height of 1,300 feet above the level of the sea on Stainmoor Summit, the view from which is peculiar and grand as the train emerges from the dizzy height of "Stain-

moor's stormy waste," the view taking in the whole of the vale of the Eden, having the Yorkshire hills on the south-east, the Pennine range on the north-east, the Cumberland range on the west, and the noble massive hill of Wild-boar on the south. There can be no fairer scene as the train runs down an incline of seven miles, until it stops at Kirkby Stephen, where there is a junction with the Eden Valley, which, leaving the main line, here passes Appleby, and joining the London and North-Western Railway at Clifton, has its terminus at Penrith, at which place is another terminus, that of the Cockermouth and Keswick line of railway, which is in connection with the Whitehaven and other lines belonging to the Furness Railway Company, passing in this way by St. Bees, and so on to Furness Abbey, Barrow, Ulverston, and the Lake District. But the greatest and costliest feat of modern engineering in this district is the more recent one of the Settle to Carlisle line of railway, a continuation of the Midland System. It enters the county at the head of the Vale of Eden in Mallerstang, passing Aisgill Force, and, directing its course under the face of Wild-boar Fell, enters the tunnel at Birket at the head of

Wharton hamlet, when a splendid view opens out to the tourist, the line passing at a considerable elevation on the left bank of the Eden, passing Pen-dragon, and through the park of the ancient seat of the lords of Wharton, near Wharton Hall, leaving Kirkby Stephen on the right, and passing by a stupendous viaduct over the South Durham Line over Scandale Beck, near which is the celebrated Witch Stride over which, in olden time, crossed the renowned beldame, Nan Trotter, in her nocturnal rambles. This is on the outskirts of Ravenstonedale Park, and near the Lime Works abutting on the South Durham Line. The village of Crosby Garrett then comes into view, and in it may be seen the quaint church seated upon a hill or large mound, while Hillbeck Hall, Roman Fell, and the Pennine range are on the right. At no great distance is the ancient town and castle of Brough, the Roman *Verteræ*, and other objects of interest. The county town of Appleby is then reached, after passing over the river Eden, where is another gigantic bridge, near the village of Ormside; and in the summer time to the right may be seen on the common of Bracken-ber—literally the Fern or Bracken Hill—the encamp-

ment of the Cumberland Militia on the one side and the Westmoreland Militia on the other, who make this the headquarters of their manœuvring during their active service or annual training. The Settle to Carlisle Railway has cost about £3,000,000, being probably the most expensive line ever made in this country, being an average of nearly £40,000 per mile. For eighty miles of length the difficulties surmounted have been great, and more especially in the neighbouring county about Dent, and further south, nearer Settle. Miles of tunnelling had to be done, and landslips were common during the making of the line owing to the nature of the soil, which was often boggy, the country being subject to great rainfalls, and the line often running alongside enormous steeps, which rendered the undertaking both costly and arduous, as the price of land had been more than doubled since the formation of the Lancaster and Carlisle undertaking. But it bids fair to promote the welfare of the public, and is a competing line with the latter, which almost enjoyed a monopoly before it was constructed. The scenery along the route cannot be surpassed for wild grandeur on its early course, and also after passing Appleby the features

of the country undergo a change not less agreeable, as it skirts along the vale under the Pennine range, crossing and re-crossing the Eden, or running high above it, rendering the scenery viewed from its elevation truly grand and magnificent, until it enters the border town of Carlisle, and mingles with other companies in the grand citadel station almost unrivalled for beauty, bustle, and clamour of business.

CHAPTER VI.

THE geology of some parts of the bottom of Westmoreland, as this part is called, is peculiarly interesting. In the neighbourhood of Kirkby Stephen is a rocky deposit called "brockram" (breccia), a conglomerate of magnesian limestone and red sandstone. There is a small bed near Brough, but the general deposit is limestone. In the centre of the county red sandstone crops out underneath, and is found in the bed of the rivers. At Ashfell Edge it is seen tilted up, with the limestone on the top facing Ravenstonedale, at an elevation of several hundred feet above the level of the sea; while on the west of the county, as before observed, is the granite quarry at Wasdale Head, on the top

of Shap Fells; while down towards the edge of Yorkshire, south of Tebay Station, on the hills and in the bed of the river, occurs the blue whinstone, bolt upright, and nearly like a slate in its fracture, but more generally hard and unequal. On the south-east side of the county, near Rothay Bridge, and on the south-east of Nateby, near the head of Swaledale, are quarries of flag similar to those found in the centre of Yorkshire, and some other parts of the county. Not far from Orton, in one part of the Scaur, occurs a quarry of white freestone, which can be got in large blocks, and which was utilized in re-building a part of the parish church. In many places, amongst the limestone are found fossil shells of crustacea and foraminifera, at elevations of many hundred feet above sea level. But in the Crosby and Orton Ridge, there are not fewer than three distinct beds of limestone interstratified with beds of sandstone, all of which dip from the parallelism of the Lune to that of the Eden, and running beneath the latter stream towards that of Cross Fell; showing that the entire structure of the elevated ridge, which forms a conspicuous feature of the county of Westmoreland, is newer

than the channel of the Lune, as the beds of stratification, from the Lune in the direction of the Eden to the summit of this mountain chain, holds its dip uniformly from the Lune and to the Eden. Why, therefore, have the beds of stratification as met with in the Shap and Orton limestone been elevated, while those of the old red sandstone have been depressed on a regular declination? Because the upper group is altogether a more recent one, the material of which has been drifted at a subsequent date upon the declination of an older structure, and placed between the range of two separate currents, the force of which had been materially exhausted latterly: the stronger current having deposited the whole material on a low angle of ascent, and a less powerful one having cut off the advancing beds of the other precipitously—a normal law of deposition, which has very commonly happened, in even extended sequence, and as seen on the side of Cross Fell. The Tyne having afforded the stronger current comparatively, and the Eden a weaker one, has uniformly cut away the ascending beds of that range of hills along its western escarpment, in a precipitous form, from Talkin to

Stainmoor. The same normal law of a sedimentary process which obtains in the Shap and Orton range of hills, is gone over again on the side of Cross Fell, like waves of normal translation repeated; the weaker checking the advance of a stronger power: the impetus gained on the side advance from being subdued by a minor force on that gone towards, and appearing as if its action was suddenly checked—the very same law of active force which originates the Helm Wind, and governs its phenomena. This, then, is the theory given of the deposition of carboniferous limestone of the East and West wards of this county, of which we in particular dilate upon. Drifting as the tidal wave did from the Norwegian coast, upon the line stretching from east to west at the base of the Pennine chain, the Solway wave took the free range of the valley of the Eden, and even over Shap Fells, depositing the huge boulders of granite, and even lifting some of them over Stainmoor. It may, however, suffice here to remark, that the geological formation of this county is of sufficient interest to engage, as it will undoubtedly at some future time, more of the attention of scientific inquirers

than seem to have interested them recently on this question. For the action of tidal waves we refer to the works quoted herewith. It is evident that the scarping of the sides of hills was due to a southern and not a northern tidal wave, like the Solway; and that the elevated hills of Orton and Shap Fell were covered at an early period by shallow water, and that the wave of the Solway brought back, after the exhaustion of the southern current, the gritty scorix and silt which has produced the limestone rocks we have been treating on. With the exception of volcanic products, accepted geology agrees that the composition of all rocks has been effected whilst submerged in the great deep. Have the hills, then, and dry land been upheaved from the ocean; or has the ocean gone down from the hills by the valleys which were made by the previous oceanic furrowings? Some geologists are apt to think that the revolution of the axis of the earth, excepting always that the waters upon the globe come also under this definition, and that the subsidence of the waters was caused by a slow revolution of the earth upon its axis; the great forces in motion may then have gradually been lessened in

intensity, and the evaporation may have gradually caused the waters to lose some of their bulk. But we leave this part of the question ; and, in so doing, only notice the fact that such evidences are existing as lead us to the conclusion that forces longer in existence have so formed the surface of the earth that the records of universal domination of the water cannot be doubted ; and whether the Noachian deluge existed for any length of time long after the earth had resumed its present shape, or long anterior, we have no means of ascertaining. Sufficient has been brought to light by modern investigation to prove that most points subsequent to the deluge recorded in the Scriptures have been cleared, and the ruined cities of Nineveh, and the inscriptions upon the tombs and other ruins in those buried cities, verify the truth of those records ; and whether the age of the world be six thousand or sixty thousand years, geology does not dispute the record of Holy Writ. Some are doubtful as to the measurement of time, and this consideration may well obtain and, with our limited knowledge, be a stumblingblock, but we nevertheless find, on every hand, abundant proof of the handywork of a Great Power,

and that Power we must acknowledge as the Great Architect of the Universe. ¹

Granite being the primary rock or basement upon which all other alluvial deposits rest, the action of fire or gases within the earth has caused its upheaval in those places where we see it on the surface, and thus is displayed the beneficence of nature in bringing to light her hidden bounties for the benefit of man. Mr. J. Rooke, of Aikhead, near Wigton, writing in 1838, says, speaking of the tide-wave of the Solway Frith: "On the close of the deposition of the old red sandstone, the geology of our island assumes a more and more extended shape in our hand. Its connecting links are less dislocated; the range of the various tide-waves become distinctly mapped out; the primary isles stand apart from the rest; and the processes on which creation's round has been organically conducted, become, in themselves, unanswerably authenticated." In the consideration of mountain limestone, he says: "Here we confess that its origin is beset with incidents not easily explained.

¹ *Vide* Professor Sedgwick's and other works, for which we are indebted for much of the foregoing—Whellan's "History of Cumberland and Westmoreland," &c.

Alumina and silica are, in themselves, simple earths, and combinable in any proportions. Again, why has the deposition of carboniferous limestone been so much delayed, and hitherto so sparingly combined with aluminous and silicious materials? Decomposition and an exhibition of new forms and combinations are the chief modes and means by which a habitable globe has been constructed." "Infinite Wisdom ever works according to omniscient forms. Might not lime, up to a given date, be mainly held in aqueous solution, and owe its origin to a carboniferous form to carbonic acid drawn from the atmosphere, by going through processes of animal and vegetable life ere it fully combined with lime?" Even grant this suggestion to be an idle theory, yet its statement is sufficient to show, that what might be so mysterious to us, might be easy and plain to an All-wise and Almighty Creator. If lime originally took a fluid form, and carbon an aerial one, might not their combination lead to a material subsidence of the ocean?

The enormous quantities of calcareous earth, whatever its origin may have been, which subsequent to a given period of time has been scoured from the

Arctic Ocean, and distributed so plenteously on the European levels, is exceedingly apparent. Previous to the deposition of carboniferous limestone, the Pennine chain of England had little or no existence, except a foundation of old red sandstone, to rest upon. This chain, so conspicuous in the geology and features of England, runs from Berwick-on-Tweed to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Most of the material of the Pennine chain, and in which carboniferous limestone predominates, has probably been brought by the tide-wave from the Arctic Ocean. And here it may be remarked that the appearance of the whinsill or whinstone in certain districts, abruptly cutting off the carboniferous limestone, is peculiar. A theory has been advanced that, in the volcanic action which took place again and again, the carboniferous limestone has been suddenly hardened by being poured out in a heated state, and cooled in a carboniferous sea. Mr. Rooke says that the mountain limestone chiefly lies in an area enclosed by the primary isle of the south of Scotland on the north-west, and by the Dunstanborough ridge of old red sandstone on the south-east, as if it had got into a funnel which carried it within

the vortex of a western tide-wave of the Solway Frith.

The Skiddaw cluster of mountains standing out northwards on the centre of the Cumberland group, takes the shape of a convex curve on their northern aspect; and we observe the carboniferous limestone mantling directly along such curve, in a belt-like form, from Whitehaven to Ravenstonedale in Westmoreland, preserving a continuous line for sixty-five miles in length, until it finally joins the main body of the Pennine range of hills.

In Westmoreland there are a few small seams of coal, especially on the ridge bordering on Yorkshire, on Stainmoor, and Mallerstang, the former gradually increases in thickness of deposit as it approaches the latter county, and until the railway opened up communication with the Durham collieries were mainly relied upon to serve this part of Westmoreland upon which we treat. Mr. Rooke says:

“We have to consider the deposition of the coal measures, what the origin has been, in what direction it has been brought, and why it is found so abundantly in one place, sparingly in another, and

altogether wanting in others. Had the material of which coal is composed not been mainly a deposit and a foreign product, it might not have been so evenly found in its accompanying strata as its position and other incidents would seem to indicate. Its combustible properties may fairly be attributed to a vegetable origin. So much granted, from whence is the abundance of bituminous ingredients usually found in carboniferous coal derived. Pine is distinguished from any or most other ligneous products, for the bitumen it contains.

“It will, therefore, from the above, be right to attribute the origin of coal to ravaged forests of pine drifted upon our coasts by the action of the forces herein described; these being subject to superincumbent pressure by the liquid deposit of carboniferous and other alluvia, have been pressed down, subjected to this organic change, and still liable to spontaneous combustion. The coal measures of Great Britain, valuable as they are, are none the less forests of submerged pine, drifted from regions in which the primeval forest held at one time paramount sway.

“It appears that mountain or carboniferous lime-

stone overlaps mainly the coal deposits, and that mill-stone grit is regarded as a lower member only of the coal formation. It assumes on the eastern side of the Pennine range larger proportions ; in it are found very thin seams of coal ; it forms the mass of Ingleborough in Yorkshire. From what is here detailed, it appears that the chief origin of coal must be considered as ligneous, that it is a foreign product derived from forests overthrown by tremendous torrents of wind, and carried by a deluge of water upon these shores, being swept by the currents of the ocean, which eventually drifted them over to this Island, and, in the beneficence of a wise Creator, during the time that the earth was taking its present shape, and the crucible of Nature was in other directions dissolving out of her bowels, by igneous action, the precious metals, and depositing them for the use of man in the iron-bound coasts of this Island, as well as in other countries where precious metals abound, for the use of future time, when by their aid the industry of the world was promoted, and the civilization of all nations were to depend on the hidden secrets of Nature, testifying to His Almighty

power and providential interposition to prolong by His gifts the races of mankind.”

The immense blocks of stone that are so plentifully scattered about in the neighbourhood of Shap, convey to our minds a lesson of the intensity of forces at work in ages long distant, but which nevertheless have left the imprint of time upon, not only the surface of the earth, but even in the strata below the surface. The fossilized shells, to the initiated in the science of Geology, tell us, in language unmistakable, that the ocean bed was once where now the mountains and valleys are. Even some of the highest of the mountains, such as Ashfell, give evidence of its submersion, in the numerous fossils found thereon. That the current which flowed over this neighbourhood drifted in from the north-west is evident, and that the huge boulders came enclosed in immense icebergs cannot be doubted ; and as the climate gradually warmed by the influence of the Gulf Stream and other potent agencies, the ice and ocean itself was done away with—the one by the numerous agencies which we have briefly noticed, the other by the internal commotions of the earth itself and its consequent upheaval. Owing to the gradual cool-

ing down of its structure, the various strata as they now occur were permanently laid. It is noticeable that the lower a well is sunk, the higher the temperature becomes ; so that, *a priori*, the inference is that the middle part of the sphere of the earth is yet in a state of fervent heat. In many parts of the world the accumulated gases are given off by volcanoes and by hot springs in others, which are more or less sought after by valetudinarians ; and the oil-springs of Pennsylvania furnish another proof that the carbonizing substances within the bowels of the earth are more or less under the influence of a high temperature. To argue the point of the age of the world from Revelation or from Geology is vain and ridiculous, because it is not by years as we know them that the crust of the earth could have been prepared for the reception of the creatures now living upon it ; nor, indeed, of the other species which preceded them.

CHAPTER VII.

THE tourist would scarcely fail to visit the county town of Appleby, with its ancient Castle, as well as Brougham Hall and the ruined Castle of Brougham. The ancient castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Brough lead us to consider the family of Clifford, whose descendant the Countess of Pembroke was. Besides her castles, which she repaired, she found the churches belonging to the several villages on her estates in ruins, and these also she repaired ; the spire of one had been broken down, another had been turned into a magazine and a third into a hospital, in the civil wars. Her several buildings and repairs, on her first coming into the North, did not cost her less than forty thousand pounds—probably equivalent to two hundred thousand pounds in these days. In fact she was a blessing to the country where-

ever she went. She was everywhere the common patroness of all who were distressed. Her heart was large as her ability, and misery of every kind that could get its story fairly represented to her was sure of relief. She founded the hospital of St. Ann, in Appleby, for twelve poor widows, and liberally endowed it. Nor was her filial affection less remarkable ; she caused a monument to be erected between Penrith and Appleby called the Countess Pillar, on a spot where she last parted with her mother, Margaret, Dowager Countess of Cumberland, and left an annuity of four pounds a year to be paid, on the stone table placed hard by, to the poor of the parish of Brougham, in which the pillar is erected. In short, she was prudent, generous, and brave ; she stood up for her rights with indomitable courage, and mostly succeeded. She was equally jealous of her dignity and privileges, and whether her antagonist wore a crown or was a republican—even Cromwell himself—she was equally ready to uphold them. She kept an office in every castle she resided in ; and all her receipts and disbursements were entered with commercial exactness. Her economy was equal to her exactness ; nothing was spent in vanity, nothing

trifled away. All the family expenses were under the articles of necessities, and the very form of regularity in which they constantly ran made one year a check upon another. It is related that she applied for a customary *boon hen* to a rich Halifax tradesman named Murgatroyd, who refused to pay it—he had succeeded to a tenement at Skipton. She won the lawsuit which followed his refusal, at a cost of £200, and then invited him to dinner, which he accepted, the *boon hen* being served up as the first dish. “Come,” said she, “Mr. Murgatroyd, let us now be good friends. Since you allowed the hen to be dressed for my table, we will divide it between us.” History was her chief reading, and possibly she might be led to it by examination of the records of her ancestors, whose names occur in ancient history so frequently. The Veteriponts and Cliffords, being of course so prominent in every record, their traditional deeds of valour would to her be equally an incentive to activity in those peaceful acts of embellishing her castles and estates and practising charity towards her poorer neighbours. It is said that materials were collected by her and the learned men whom she employed, sufficient for three large

volumes—still extant, we believe, amongst the family records at Appleby Castle.

Brougham Hall, the residence of the Broughams, has by the beauty of its situation been styled the Windsor of the North. There are several hills called beacons, which acted as points of observation and warning against the incursions of the Scots. These beacons were lighted up by fire on a given signal from the beacon nearest the point of danger, and thus telegraphed to one another. The alarm was given from the beacon nearest Scotland whenever a raid was observed from the hills on which the look-out was planted. There are some stones which are called “nine standards,” to the east of Kirkby Stephen, upon Hartley Fell, supposed to be points of observation, or dummies to delude the Scots in their incursions. Ewbank Scar is a noted place for picnics, and the scenery from this to Podgill Foot, embracing a view of Kirkby Stephen and the towering hill of Wild Boar, cannot fail to interest the visitor to this neighbourhood. Not far off, near the station, are the curious rocks of Stenkrith, in the bed of the Eden. The neighbourhood of Kirkby Stephen abounds in fine scenery : the towering Wild

Boar and Mallerstang Fells to the south ; the hills to the east above Hartley ; on the south, Wharton Hall, the ruins of Pendragon and Lammerside ; and on the west of Kirkby Stephen the modern mansion of Stobars. One of the noble family of Wharton, whom Swift noticed with considerable spleen when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was the fifth Thomas Lord Wharton ; he had a residence of great splendour at Wooton, in Buckinghamshire, and it is said that many of the pictures and articles of *vertu* were sold to the Czar of Russia on the wreck of the fortunes of the last representative, the Duke of Wharton, who died a fugitive at an early age, who fled on account of his Jacobinical principles to Spain, and ended his life in a monastery where the monks had given him shelter as a poor outcast. His fore-elders were generally of the Protestant faith, and even the fifth lord was more or less an adherent of Puritanism. He was the author of "Lillibullero," a satirical poem which caused a great sensation at the time. The legacy of the Bible to so many parishes in Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire, was by Philip, the fourth Lord Wharton. At Kirkby Stephen, where there is a large church

recently restored at considerable expense, is kept up the old custom of tolling the curfew (*couvre-feu*) at eight o'clock every night. In the churchyard is pointed out a raised flattened stone, supposed to be over the grave of the poet Langhorne, who was born at Winton, near here ; but some say it is the tomb of his parents, the Rev. Joseph Langhorne and his wife, who were interred here. The most conspicuous monuments are those inside the church to the Wharton and Musgrave families, some of whose effigies recline upon their sarcophagi in lonely and dignified state. The mural tablets within the church are more recent, the principal ones being that to Edward Hartley, Esq., late of Millbecks, in Kirkby Stephen, and another to Thos. Monkhouse, Esq., of Winton. There are some curious monuments also at Brough, under Stainmoor ; a monumental stone or rune has been unearthed there. The scenery about Brough is grand, being flanked on one side by the noble ruin of Brough Castle and on the other by the hills of Hillbeck and Hillbeck Hall, the wood adjoining the Hall, and the Fox Tower. Brough was anciently a part of the parish of Kirkby Stephen, the same as Grasmere and Windermere were parts of

the parish of Kendal (*vide* Burn and Nicholson's "History of Westmoreland," page 564).

Kirkby Stephen is a vicarage, formerly in the patronage of Ivo de Talebois, Baron of Kendal, who granted the same to the Abbot and Convent of St. Mary's, York. After the Dissolution it came to the Whartons of Wharton Hall, till the Duke of Wharton granted the same to his steward, Walter Smalls, Esq., of Gilling in Yorkshire, and then to his daughter Jane, wife of Henry Chaytor, Esq., of Croft, Yorkshire, then to their son, Henry Chaytor, Esq., LL.D.; it then passed by purchase to the late Rev. Henry King, whose trustees sold it to the Earl of Lonsdale, the present patron. The Abbey of St. Mary, York, was surrendered to King Henry VIII., and the revenue of Kirkby Stephen Church appears to have been of lands, tenements, and cottages in Kirkby Stephen of the value of £9 5s. 0½d.; in Nateby, 4s.; in Winton, 20s.; and for the farm of the rectory with the tithe of various villages, tithe sheaves of Kirkby Stephen, £12; Hartley and Soulby, £12 6s. 8d.; Wharton and Nateby, £4 8s. 8d.; Winton, Kaber, and other places, £2 2s. In 1547 King Edward VI. granted to Sir Richard Musgrave, of Hartley, Knight,

the rectory of Kirkby Stephen with the advowson of the vicarage, but in consideration of £471 he granted the rectory and advowson the next year to Thomas Lord Wharton, except the tithes of corn and hay of Hartley, Soulby, and Kaber. And here be it remarked that the name Musgrave was probably formerly Mar-grave, count or warden of the marches; and further let it be here observed that the whole of the tithes belong to a rectory, while those appertaining to a vicarage are only part of and held jointly, but with proper proportion to individual rights by lay impropiators, who have succeeded to the portion which was part and portion of that paid to the abbots of monasteries, who allowed some portion to the vicar of the parish. In small parishes they allowed all the revenues to the priest, so he was *rector*: the word vicar meaning literally one that acts for another—the abbots formerly, and bishops in some instances, standing in the place of rector of a parish, or impropiators or owners of a benefice for the time being. So a vicar did not, strictly speaking, get all the revenue appertaining to the church before the Dissolution, but a rector did; the lay impropiators now get that which formerly was paid to the abbots

of the monasteries by which priests were supplied, the church being granted to them by being either bought of the Crown or otherwise.

Regarding the supposed interment of Lord Wharton and his two wives in the church of Kirkby Stephen, under the alabaster sarcophagus—which said alabaster, by the way, was probably brought from the neighbourhood of Kirkby Thore, in which a deposit of it is worked to this day, and made into half-moons for rubbing floors with—in a document kindly lent to me by Colonel Burn in manuscript, along with annotations by Dr. Burn, with and in his original copy of the “History of Westmoreland,” in which it was found, it is therein stated that a similar monument is in Healaugh Church, near Tadcaster in Yorkshire, and in other respects of inscription and recumbent figures similar to the one in Kirkby Stephen Church. It is also stated that in “the year 1783, the arch of the vault under this monument at Healaugh fell in; which was entered by the Rev. Mr. Preston and others, and three skeletons found therein, supposed to be those of Thomas Lord Wharton and his two wives, one skeleton being raised above the other two on a kind of platform;”—

or words to this effect. This seems to show that Thomas Lord Wharton and his two wives were buried at Healaugh, near Tadcaster, and not at Kirkby Stephen—the sarcophagus there being commemorative of the family connection with this place only. An elaborate Latin inscription is translated and given in this document by James Clitheroe, Esq., of Boston House, Middlesex, Anno Domini 1783.

Joe Steel's legendary verses on the "Hunting of the Wild Boar" give a very good description from Hellgill in Mallerstang to Hartley. The giant's victory and the death of the wild boar are well painted, as well as that of the huntsman who met his death at Ewbank Scar. He has also portrayed elsewhere, in verse, the vandalism of the man who broke up the Countess of Wharton's rocky seat and her forced seclusion when her husband was absent at Court. On a hill near the Kirkby Stephen Railway Station is the site, so says tradition, of the ancient castle of Croglin, but there is not a vestige remaining. It is averred that one of the Whartons of Wharton Hall, who lived at Lammerside Castle previously to the building of Wharton Hall in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about 1555, married a

daughter of Philip Hastings, of Croglin in Cumberland, and that her dowry was part of the lordship of Croglin ; and that she brought by marriage into the Wharton family that part of the property on the Nateby side of the river now inclosed in the park belonging to Wharton Hall. Croglin Castle may have been built by the Hastings, as it is not unlikely they might have a seat here out of the way in troublesome times, far from the marauding Scots ; and it is very likely that they would own more land than the strip mentioned, because being an ancient family, and land cheap in those days, they possibly held a large portion of land at Nateby and Kirkby Stephen—nay, even the castle of Croglin might be absorbed in the building of Wharton Hall. The site now belongs to the trustees of the late Matthew Thompson, Esq., who, along with his sisters and daughter, own a large tract of land in the Kirkby Stephen, Ravenstonedale, and Orton districts, &c. Philip Hastings had no male issue, but some of his descendants in the female line lived at Mauld's Meaburn, while others found their way into Yorkshire, the name still surviving. There is evidence of another Cumberland gentleman coming south, from his

place of residence at Threlkeld, to Crosby Lodge, where he had a park for his deer. This property belongs to some of the Dent family, who for generations have gradually, as well as the Wilkinsons of Warcop, through commerce attained great wealth; the fine mansion at Mauld's Meaburn, called Flass House, being the residence of the late Wilkinson Dent, Esq.

There are no traces of mural monuments to the Threlkeld family in the Parish Church of Crosby Ravensworth, that we are aware of. At a very few places (except Dallam Tower and on Martindale Fells) are any deer kept in this county at present. There are several incidents of events in history relating to the passing of the troops of the Pretender, and also of Charles II., over Crosby Ravensworth Fells, which formed the high road between Lancashire and Scotland in those days; and an obelisk at a place called Black Dub records the latter event. There still exists in Mallerstang (*Mallard*, a duck; *stang*, pool) the ancient family of Atkinson, whose ancestor, Captain Atkinson, in 1663, was tried and executed for taking part in a Republican meeting after the restoration of Charles I., at what was

called the Kaber Rigg Plot, and his estate forfeited to the superior lord, the owner of Appleby Castle. His descendants now farm the land which, but for this circumstance, they would probably hold in their own right. The feudal laws in this part of the country, as far as the tenants are concerned, are somewhat vexatious and unequal as regards their duties and services. It is evident that the squirearchy in the North were numerous in former times. Look at the innumerable places called halls, one in nearly every village—some of them remarkable as ruins, and showing that the owners kept up a sort of feudal state. No doubt the small freeholders and cottars, before the spread of commerce by the intercommunication with the world outside, were mainly dependents upon the larger proprietors for their daily bread ; as agriculture would be the only occupation, and the amusements of the chase the main diversion of the lord or squire at the hall. The manors belonged in most instances to the resident proprietor, and therefore he had several rights and privileges, which were exacted by personal services of the vassal (villain) of that period ; now the halls, estates, and manors are in several instances, in fact in most

instances, amalgamated under the great houses of Lowther, Musgrave, Tufton, and some minor lords. The squires of old have given place to men who have accumulated wealth in commerce, or by other than hereditary means. The old yeomen are being gradually extinguished. There is, however, greater elasticity in the farming interest, money is more generally diffused, and commerce has effected the independence of the masses more than legislation could do ; in fact, feudalism has not abated its pretensions, but is satisfied with money payments instead of personal services. Appleby was noted for its adherence to the royal cause and to Charles I. Bird, a corn-dealer of Stainmoor, proclaimed Cromwell's "Charter of Restriction" at Appleby ; but Mr. Machel, of Kirkby Thore, in his MS. "History of Westmoreland," says he hailed from Kirkby Stephen, "that nest of all traitors." Another officer of the Commonwealth, called Major Scaife, resided at Winton Hall, a remarkable old building, which, with the adjoining estate, now belongs to Thos. Mason, Esq., J.P., of Kirkby Stephen. Winton is remarkable as being the birth-place of the brothers Langhorn, translators of

Plutarch's "Lives," and of Dr. Burn, vicar of Orton and chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle. This gentleman, the author of "Burn's Justice" and other legal works, was also joint author of the "History of Cumberland and Westmoreland" with Jos. Nicholson, Esq., the nephew of a clergyman and prelate of Carlisle, who was born at Plumland, in Cumberland, in 1655, where his father was rector. He left the MS. of Cumberland, from which the materials were drawn for Nicholson and Burn's "History of Westmoreland." The present owner and occupier of Orton Hall, Richard Burn, Esq., is the lineal descendant of Dr. Burn. He is lieut.-colonel in the yeomanry cavalry, now retired ; justice of the peace, and deputy-lieutenant for Westmoreland ; was high sheriff of the county in 1852, and is chairman of the Westward bench of justices, in which division for magisterial purposes Orton is situated, although it is in the Eastward division for poor-law purposes. In 1874, or thereabouts, Richard Burn, Esq., headed the movement for the restoration of the parish church, and acted along with the late vicar as churchwarden in accomplishing this desirable and laudable object. . Bishop Gibson, born at Bampton,

near Shap, compiled a "Digest of Ecclesiastical Law;" he was Bishop of London. Thomas Gibson, M.D., of the same place, married a daughter of the Lord Protector Cromwell. The manor and advowson of Orton are separate, and vested in the freeholders, who hold a triennial court, admitting tenants to the court roll, and exercising their privileges by holding a court under four nominal lords and a jury of freeholders to settle matters relating to the manor. The rectorial tithes are also vested in the landowners, who, being resident, present to the living through trustees, but vote independent of, and depute the trustees to present only—an unusual thing, probably of rare occurrence. It is stated that there are only thirteen livings under this kind of patronage in England. Dr. Burn ("History of Westmoreland") says it is not certain where the ancient manor-house stood, but the old hall in the centre of the village anciently belonged to the Birbeck family, who were afterwards seated at Coatflat Hall, near Tebay, the old hall now called Petty Hall, from being in the Petty family, one of whom, Sir Christopher Petty, removed from here to reside, as tenant we presume, to Skipton Castle, in Craven, Yorkshire. Petty

Hall, in the centre of the village of Orton, as the old farmhouse is now called, bears date 1604, and is the property of the writer of these pages. If the ancient mullioned windows and other substantial marks about it, and the old well called Hall Well in front of it, does not affix it as likely to have been in some way attached to the manor, then there are no other marks to identify a manor-house in Orton. The courts of the manor may have been held here, nevertheless ; as the Blenkinsops, of Hillbeck, who held a moiety of the manor, held their courts at Raisgill Hall, the Musgraves may have held their courts for their moiety here, as they claim a small free-rent for a garth behind the same. These and other moieties (*vide* Burn's " History of Westmoreland ") were conveyed from the different owners to Edward Branthwaite, Oliver Birkbeck, Roger Ward, Robert Whitehead, and George Sharp, to hold in trust for the freeholders the manorial rights. Thus the whole manor was united in the hands of the freehold purchasers, and is now, as then, conveyed as before-mentioned to lords of the manor in trust for the sake of keeping courts-leet and baron, for the convenience of the tenants. Orton Church was given by

the first lord of the manor of Orton, Gamel de Pennington, to the priory of Conishead, in the reign of Henry II. It belonged to Conishead Priory after the dissolution. Dr. Burn says, "In right of her Duchy of Lancaster, Queen Elizabeth, after exercising her privilege twice before, presented John Corney, A.M., in 1595. During his incumbency the rectory and advowson (amongst others to sell again for profit) were purchased by Francis Morrice, of the City of Westminster, Esquire, and Francis Philips, of the City of London, Gentleman. They sold the rectory and advowson of the parish of Orton, in 1618, to the said John Corney, Edmund Branthwaite (ancestor of Mr. Branthwaite of Kendal, and owner of the Bye Beck and other farms at Orton and Tebay), and Philip Winster, for the sum of £570, in trust for the landowners of the said parish; and these three conveyed to twelve feoffees in trust to present upon an avoidance such person to the vicarage as shall be chosen by a majority of the landowners, being resident, at a meeting to be appointed by the said feoffees within three months next after the avoidance; and in trust when the number shall be reduced to convey to other feoffees, to be

chosen by such majority as aforesaid, and so it still continues." The last presentation was in 1882, when the Rev. Edwd. Holme, by a majority of votes, there being four candidates, secured the election. The present writer had the honour of presiding on this occasion.

A copy of the composition between the Bishop of Carlisle and the Prior of Conishead concerning the vicarage of Orton in the year 1263. It was translated from the Latin by the late Dr. Burn, and taken from a writing on paper in the parish box, and which Dr. Burn says in the transcription seems to have been taken from a former copy, much fretted, or from the original itself. A few words here and there, he says, he could not make out, have been placed to make it readable, &c. I have omitted a part as to oblations, but give other dues in full in No. II.

The following is the translation :—

I. "To all Christian people who shall see or hear the present writing; Robert, by Divine permission an humble minister of the church of Carlisle, wishest health in the Lord everlasting; when we, being

called to the valuation of the perpetual vicarage of Orton in our diocese, had given command by the authority of the Pope, to the prior and convent of the church of Cunningshell (Conishead), rectors of the aforesaid church, that they might be present at the said valuation, if they should see it to be expedient for them; and, by the same authority, had fully made enquiry touching the value of the aforesaid church, by men worthy of belief, sworn to this and examined. The said prior, for himself and his convent, appearing in our presence, wholly submitted himself to our ordinance as to the said valuation. We, therefore, having prayed for the grace of the Holy Ghost, and having taken a just estimate of the value of the said benefice, by the authority aforesaid, do rate to the perpetual vicarage of the said church, four pounds and fourteen shillings, and instead of the said sum of money, we do assign the portion within-written underneath, that is to say, two dwelling-houses, with two oxgangs of land, with all their easements and appurtenances whatsoever, within the village and without it."

Then follows a description of oblations, mortuaries (living and dead), with the best garments of the

deceased ; offerings, churchings, and other things which appertain to the church generally, as dues, duties, and observances, which to particularize is needless and unprofitable. The date is as above written.

At the bottom of the above writing is another, which we give below ; but omit for want of space the deed of purchase which is translated from the Latin by Dr. Burn, and content ourselves, as coming more within our title of “ Historical Notes,” with the following extract. This refers to a valuation of the living in the time of Henry VIII., in the same handwriting as the former, about the year 1540. The former valuation was £4 14s., this latter makes it £17 5s. 4d. In this case we give the translation from the original Latin accounts by Dr. Burn.

II. For the tenths of our Lord the King, of the vicarage of the church of Orton :

£ s. d.

The mansion-house, with the glebe of the parish church of Orton, in the diocese of Carlisle, the rectory of which is appropriated to the priory of

Cunningshell (Conishead), in the diocese of York. The mansion-house, with the glebe of the aforesaid vicarage is of the yearly value of	...	...	...	...	£	s.	d.
					0	8	0
Also two tenements which are of the yearly value of	...	...	...	..	0	15	0
Also the tithes of flax and hemp in common year's value of	...	...	...		0	2	4
Also the tithes of the fleeces of wool and lambs, ditto	...	...	...		12	0	0
Also oblations, small tithes, altarages, with the profits of the Easter book, are worth by the year	...	..	...	...	4	0	0
					In all...	£17	5 4
					£	s.	d.

Out of which the vicar requires for synodals, paid to the Bishop of Carlisle every year

Also procuration money at the visitation, to be paid from term to term to the said bishop

The indenture of the sale of this living has been

recited in part or the substance thereof in a former part of this work.

From papers kindly lent to me by the Vicar of Orton, I noticed a correspondence that took place between a prominent member of the Society of Friends and Dr. Burn after the publication of the "History of Westmoreland" by himself and Mr. Nicholson, wherein reference is made to the prosecutions that were in vogue against the Quakers, which were instituted before a session at Kirkby Stephen. The neighbourhood of Orton furnished members to this sect; but, according to Dr. Burn, only one family in this parish "were of the Society of Friends," and this family was undoubtedly the Whiteheads, who in his time lived at Sunbiggin. They were the direct ancestors of Mr. Alderman Whitehead. This gentleman is a native of Raisbeck, in which township Sunbiggin lies. His father was a respectable yeoman at Raisbeck. He sold his ancestral property, removed to and died at Appleby, but is interred in Orton churchyard, with other members of his family. Many of the name still reside in the parish. Mr. Alderman Whitehead went to London at a comparatively early

age, and rapidly rose to eminence, wealth, and social position. He has twice unsuccessfully contested the Appleby division of his native county for a seat in parliament, and only failed to secure this high distinction by a very few votes. He has served as sheriff for London and Middlesex, and is a leading citizen of the great metropolis. His elder brother, Mr. John Whitehead, was mayor (1886) of Appleby, having had the honour of being elected first mayor of the reformed corporation; he also holds the position of clerk to the East Ward Board of Guardians, Westmoreland.

Crosby Ravensworth church and manor—the derivation of the name is intimated further on. It is a vicarage, in the patronage of Joceline Bagot, Esq., of Levens Hall, near Milnthorpe, a descendant of Col. Graham, who purchased it from the Bellinghams, of Over Levens, Westmoreland. He also owns the manor of Gaythorn, and Gaythorn Hall, a small part being in this parish. The manors of Crosby Ravensworth, Mauld's Meaburn, and Reagill, in this parish, are now held by the Earl of Lonsdale; the latter was formerly possessed by the Whartons of Wharton Hall. The manor of Mea-

burn appears formerly to have been held by Sir Andrew Harcla, of Hartley Castle. Near Mauld's Meaburn is an obelisk regarding the place where Joseph Addison's ancestors dwelt. He was the son of Lancelot Addison, Archdeacon of Lichfield, whose father, Lancelot Addison, resided at Meaburn Town Head. Joseph, his grandson, was secretary to the Marquis of Wharton when Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and married the widow of the Earl of Warwick. He died in 1719, aged 49 years, leaving an only child, a daughter, by the Countess of Warwick. The living of Crosby Ravensworth is now enjoyed by the Rev. G. W. Weston, M.A., a justice of the peace for Westmoreland, who, in conjunction with the late Wilkinson Dent, Esq., of Flass House, and other influential persons connected with the parish, have restored the parish church, which is the most perfect specimen of church architecture in the county, and, considering the cost incurred, and the labour bestowed upon it, almost unprecedented in a small country parish, perhaps in the whole country. In the churchyard are several monuments to the Dent and Gibson families.

Reagill, or Regill, in the parish of Crosby Ravens-

worth, derives its name from Rene, according to some, from its being a name familiar in the time of William the Conqueror ; but it is possible that this name may have been derived from Reynard, the fox, or Reynard's Gill. The most remarkable objects of interest at the present time are the gardens or enclosed grounds, wherein are to be seen the works of the late Mr. Thomas Bland, a self-taught sculptor, who, in a short space of time comparatively, has erected statues to Milton, to Burns, and scores of other celebrities, both ancient and modern ; the chief of which works are, however, a recumbent Venus, and a piece of inlaid masonry representing mythical figures of an oriental type. He painted several pictures on different subjects, and erected the statue of Britannia which adorns the top of the hill overlooking Shap Wells Spa. At these gardens used to be held a gala in the autumn, at one of which, when the author was present, Mr. Anthony Whitehead, himself a poet of no mean order in the vernacular, appeared as a giant—raised on stilts, which elevated him some ten feet or more, covered over with ample robes to make the thing appear as real as possible—with flowing beard, and huge staff, and recited a poem

of his own composition relative to the feats of the character he was representing.

Not far from Orton Scar, is a place called Castle Fold, supposed to be a place in marauding times for the security of cattle; and at some little distance from the footpath leading to the village of Asby is the renowned Pate Hole, a subterranean cavern, through which runs a stream, emerging, it is said, at St. Helen's Well, in Great Asby, supposed to be connected with the bed of the Eden, near Stenkrith Bridge, at least eight or ten miles away. We have many instances of subterranean brooks, and notably one flowing from Sunbiggin Tarn, which enters the earth in a field near Holme Bottom, and emerges again near the road leading from Raisbeck to Kellith. A learned antiquary has given the derivation of the name of the Asby Cavern, as the Pate, or Badger Cavern. Whether this is right or not we do not stop to argue, but the word Pate may be derived from the Latin *Patens*, an opening, nevertheless. The manor house and greater part of the manor of Gaythorn, formerly the seat of some of the Bellingham family, of Over Levens, is in the parish of Great Asby. The manor of Great Asby is divided into

two portions, and one portion, along with the ancient hall, has recently come, by purchase from the Park family, into the possession of the Earl of Bective, who owns much property in the neighbourhood of Kirkby Lonsdale and Kendal. He resides at Underley Hall, near the former place, and is M.P. for the Kendal division of the county. The other portion of the manor of Great Asby belongs to Miss Hill, of Bank Foot, near Appleby, who built the church and is patroness of the living. St. Helen's Well and almshouses, erected and endowed by a Mr. Fairer, are objects of interest. The other portion of the manor, that of Little Asby, belongs to Lord Hothfield (late Sir H. J. Tufton, Bart.). At this place was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, on the grounds of Mr. John Jackson. A little to the south-east are the remains of an earthen fort, or British camp. Not far from these sites, the trustees of the late Mr. Joseph Jackson, of London, intend to build a place of worship with money left for that purpose, and to endow it for the Independent community. Whygill Head, at the top of the gill, is a large estate here; the derivation of the name may be from Wrygill, on account of the twisted nature of the gill, or ravine, near which the house stands.

In the churchyards of many places are interesting monuments with quaint inscriptions, some of them worthy of note as covering the remains of people whose descendants still inherit their property as yeomen. There are many such at Ravenstonedale, Orton, Tebay, Shap, and many other places in this county. In Orton churchyard is the Calling Stone, where people used to assemble to hear the parish clerk give out the announcement of sales to be held in the neighbourhood after service ; and nearly opposite, under a flat stone, raised up a little, reposes the remains of the noted Dr. Fairer, of Redgill, before alluded to ; on a tablet of brass is a memorial on a similar stone, to a Dr. Sharp, a native of the parish, whose descendants reside at Rayne—the inscription records his death 150 years ago. There is a similar one to Francis Wardale, a benefactor of the school at Orton about the same period.

There are some small mines of coal, lead, and copper in the county—on Stainmoor, Mallerstang, and Asby respectively. There is a peculiar disturbance caused by the wind on the range of hills at the foot of which the villages of Dufton, Knock, Milburn, &c., are situated, called the “Helm Wind” (*vide*

Dr. Barnes' explanation in a note hereafter). It is said to be caused by the rarification of the air rushing through a condensed medium, owing to the configuration of the hills in this neighbourhood. Just above here is the renowned Cross Fell range, and the mountains called Windmer End. Above Brough are the Hillbeck Hills, and near to Roman Fell (at the foot of which lies the village of Warcop), stretching to the conical pikes of Dufton, Knock, and Murton, there is here a scene of irregular beauty, but magnificent beyond conception; at the base of which, from the station at Bowes (Lavatræ), entering the county at Silverkeld Well, the ancient Roman road traverses the east of the county on to Brough (Verteræ), passing through the hamlet of Burton, near which many Roman relics have been found; and so on until it comes to Kirkby Thore and Plumpton, at both of which places were stations, or Roman camps.

A work of this kind would not be complete if it did not notice the manor and family of Lowther. Of ancient lineage, and holding extensive possessions in Cumberland and Westmoreland, this family has been a most important factor in the history of the county; but as this is referred to *in extenso* in

all county histories, it only remains for us in these Historical Notes to record that it appears the manor of Lowther was anciently held in two parts by the Lowthers under the Earl of Cumberland, by the service called nolt-geld, paying yearly to the said Earl twenty shillings and fourpence ; and by the service called sergeants'-food, ten shillings yearly. In other places this fine is called sergeants'-oats. It is also recorded that the third part was held of Robert Strickland, Esq., paying yearly one hawk, or sixpence. The Earl of Lonsdale is now the sole landowner, and lord of the manor. Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl, stands in a magnificent park of about six hundred acres. It is furnished in a style of splendour scarcely equalled in these days, and contains a collection of pictures and works of art in sculpture almost unrivalled. In the churchyard of the parish church, which is in the park, is a mausoleum erected by William, Earl of Lonsdale, in 1857, and embellished with polished granite from Shap Fells, wherein repose many members of the Lowther family. The nearest railway station is at Clifton, about two miles south of Penrith. The magnificence of Lowther Castle is described

by the poet Wordsworth, in a sonnet commencing—

“Lowther, in thy majestic pile are seen,
Cathedral pomp and grace in apt accord,
With the baronial castle’s sterner mien,
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded with the sword
Of ancient honour.”

The Strickland family, now resident at Sizergh Castle, near Kendal, but formerly of Strickland, near Lowther, seem to have held the adjoining manor of Hackthorpe under the Barons of Kendal, but it is now owned by the Earl of Lonsdale. Hackthorpe was long the residence of Mr. Jacob Thompson, a celebrated self-taught painter, many of whose works are engraved, *e.g.* Highland Ferry, &c. The manor of Morland was anciently included in the Kendal barony, and there is a long description of the descent of this barony in Whelan’s “History of Westmoreland.” It seems to have been held in moieties between the religious house of Wetheral Priory, Robert Bowes and his wife, and John Southwark, Esq; but the moiety belonging to Wetheral Priory seems now to belong to the

Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to whom it was transferred soon after the dissolution of the religious houses, by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, to whom it had been previously granted at the aforesaid dissolution. It is stated in Whelan's "History," that a survey of the manor was made in January, 1649, "when it was found that the free rents amounted to £2 19s. 0d.; the assize from copyholders at Michaelmas and St. Thomas's day, £14 13s. 1d.; mill moulter rent, £1; pension for the parson at Lowther, £1 6s. 8d.; fines, royalties, &c., £8 3s. 2d. The tenants appear to hold from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, a rare thing in these parts. The latter present to the living as well. The tithes in Morland, Bolton, Great Strickland, Sleagill, and Thrimby were abolished at the enclosure of the commons, when land was given in lieu thereof. The tithes in the other townships have since been commuted to a rent-charge (*vide* Whelan's "History," page 802).

The same authority informs us that the tenants of Morland are obliged to pay suit and service to the lord's courts. The copyhold customary tenants within the manor hold their lands and tenements by

copy of court-roll to them and their heirs for ever, according to the custom of the manor ; the widows in the manor after the death of their husbands have a right to one moiety of all customary estates their husbands die seized of. All customary tenants in the manor, upon descent or alienations, pay to the lord three years *old rent* as a fine certain. That strangers, such as are not tenants, pay to the lord for a fine, sometimes five years old rent, sometimes seven (we suppose this will refer to purchasers). The tenants had the privilege by custom to get timber for the repair of their ancient houses and barns out of Morland Wood. It is stated in a recent work that this is *commuted* for school purposes. The lord of the manor of Morland, his tenants, servants, and freeholders, are free from tolls, and possess many other privileges in accordance with the provisions of a charter granted the fifth year of Henry VIII. (*vide* Whelan's "History," page 802).

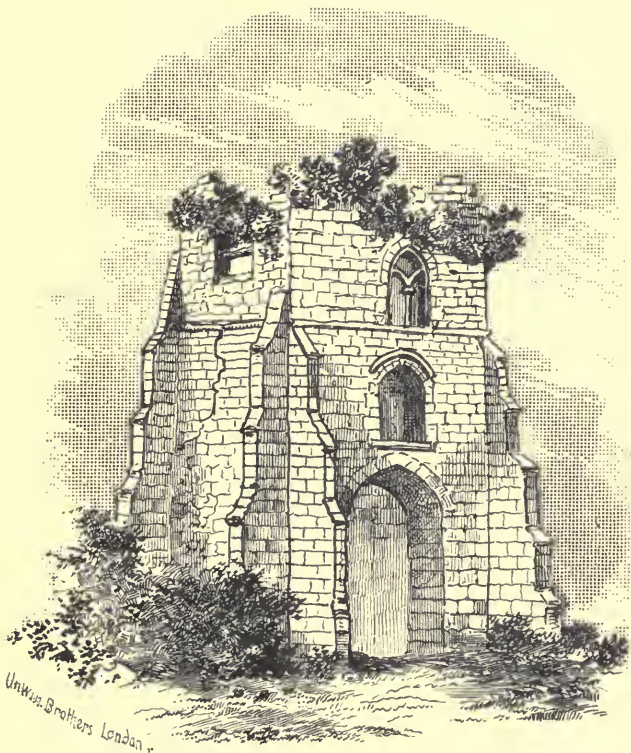
The displays and turns-out of the local magnates selected for sheriffs vie with each other, and are of the most gorgeous and elaborate nature, far surpassing many counties of greater importance. The list of crime is not very great at the Assizes ; in fact, with

the exception of concealment of birth, which formerly was very frequent, no serious cases of late years have presented themselves. In the county, the population, although it has undergone great changes in its *habituës*, resulting from the railways that have been made, are uniformly well-behaved, prosperous, and industrious; and mainly, in this part of the county, engaged in agriculture.

Biography gives us the names of many eminent men, natives of this county, who have rendered great service to education, and notably the late Canon Simpson, LL.D., Vicar of Kirkby Stephen. Others have made their mark in the seats of learning, while many have made fortunes by trade and commerce; others, distinguished in the senate and on the Episcopal bench—Dr. Lancelot Addison, father of the statesman and poet, the celebrated Joseph Addison, who married the dowager Countess of Warwick; Bishop Bainbridge, born at the obscure hamlet of Burton, near Warcop, who was Archbishop of York in 1508; Cuthbert Buckle, who built Buckle's Bridge, at the foot of Oxenthwaite Hill on Stainmoor, and was Lord Mayor of London in 1593; Bishop Gibson, born at Knipe, near Bampton; Dr.

Collinson, who endowed the school at Musgrave; Dr. Close, Bishop of Carlisle, born at Birkbeck Fells; Sir John Thwaites, late chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, born at Toddy Gill, near Warcop, and a host of others. The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale, after arriving at eminence at Oxford, built and endowed the grammar school of their native place. Many of the name still hold much property in the neighbourhood. Many an obscure man has risen by his industry and talent to high offices in the State, from remote districts, and, did the limits of this work permit, we might give several more instances. Suffice it to say, that the endowed schools of Westmoreland are mainly indebted to the patient and successful scholar who, after making his way to the universities, often with slender means, when success crowned his efforts, frequently was anxious to give to his native village and the humbler classes the means of education. But we are afraid the times are past when, as used to occur formerly, the grammar schools of Westmoreland villages furnished, without a very great outlay to the people, a classical education, before the present

elementary system was established. There are, however, some grammar schools which are eminently distinguished, such as Heversham, Appleby, &c., but they are more of the boarding-school type than the day grammar schools of ancient times.



SHAP ABBEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

‘ Trust me no tortures that the poets feign
Can match the fierce, th’ unutterable pain
He feels who, day and night devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.”—JUVENAL.

THERE can be no doubt whatever that diseases are often brought on by self-indulgence, and if nature has provided a cure it ought to be used and appreciated. In the midst of scenery truly grand, surrounded by mountains of unrivalled beauty, stands the hotel built by the ancestors of the present Earl of Lonsdale, in the neighbourhood of a Spa, called Shap Wells, about mid-way between Orton and Shap. It has been of repute for upwards of a century. It ranks as an hepatic water, its principal ingredient being sulphuretted hydrogen in solution with other salts. The baths have gained repute in the treatment of rheumatic affections, as well

as its kindred disease, gout. It is easy of access—being situated on the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway (now London and North-Western)—from the Shap Station, to which an omnibus is run by the proprietor to meet several trains daily in the summer season. The environs of the hotel and spa have been planted with trees of several kinds of pine, and walks are beautifully laid out, which lead out upon the heather-clad hills, and to the various objects of interest in the neighbourhood—passing waterfalls and glades of surpassing beauty—to the granite quarry and works, and to the monument erected in commemoration of her present Majesty's accession, by the Earl of Lonsdale. At the verge of the county, embracing the extreme limit of our description, is Clifton, where, in 1745, the rebels under the young Pretender were signally defeated by the Duke of Cumberland. A heroine, we are informed, in the shape of a peasant girl, whom Sir Joseph York rewarded most liberally, was found to carry a message from him to the Duke across the line of fire when no other messenger could be found. This legend is told in that part of the country until now. From Clifton we turn aside to view the noble pile of

buildings erected by a late Earl of Lonsdale, in the beginning of this century, but in 1770 it was then called Lowther Hall, and before the family was ennobled it belonged to the famous Sir James Lowther, whose eccentric disposition led him to be familiarly styled, and to this day familiarly called, Jamie Lowther. The family, after being extinct in the male line, have been re-created from the parent stock, which reside at Swillington in Yorkshire. One of the latter family was Irish Secretary, and an active member of the late Tory Government. The Lowther family, who own large possessions in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Rutland, have ever been staunch Conservatives, and the ever memorable contest between Henry Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, in 1826, was a tough struggle, but their immense influence gained the day, and the eminent jurist afterwards was returned to Parliament for Yorkshire. He resided at Brougham Hall during the latter part of his life, but this must not be confounded with Brougham Castle, now in ruins. He died at Cannes in France, a few years ago, and was succeeded by his brother, the late peer. The residence is not far from Lowther Castle, and has

been styled the Windsor of the North. For a more general account of these two noble families we refer the reader to Whelan's "History of Westmoreland," &c. From Lowther Castle we again turn our steps, and after passing Whinfell Forest we come gradually up the country, which has before been partially described, until we come to the ancient town of Appleby, the "Aballaba," some say, of the Romans, and the residence of the ancient family of Clifford. From Shap Wells drives to different parts are arranged, and in a short time objects of interest can be reached, viz., the ruins of Shap Abbey, Lowther, &c. Near Shap are the remains (but partially obliterated by the making of the railway) of Karl Lofts, a remarkable double row of stones, said to be placed by the Druids and used by them in their sacrifices. Other similar objects of interest at Gunnerkeld, near Shap, are worthy of examination, and drives to the lake called Haweswater, Brougham Castle, Arthur's Seat, the Nine Churches, and many others. As a quiet resort, Shap Wells is unique, situated far from the busy world. In the summer months, the man of business must feel invigorated by the mountain breezes, and the aroma from the heather, which,

laden with honey-seeking bees, whose perpetual hum is music to the ear, gives him a zest for life, and a store of health capable of recruiting the weary, care-worn body, if not undermined by disease. The angler can have scope for his amusement; and the sportsman will (if he can partake of the amusement) have the pleasure of seeing his favourite on the wing—in fact, grouse are abundant. The Lune and its tributaries are within a short distance. The Birbeck, a principal feeder of the Lune, runs close by the hotel, and is well stocked with trout, small certainly, but nevertheless all that can be desired by the epicure. Shap Spa can compare favourably with Harrogate, Gilsland, and other places where the same ingredients contribute to aid nature in throwing off the noxious humours so fruitful of disease. As has been previously noticed, Shap Abbey¹ is situated about a mile from the village of Shap, anciently Heppe, a name supposed to be derived from the choup or heppes on the wild rose. Although very little remains of Shap Abbey, there is still sufficient left to give an impression of its former greatness. It was founded by a community of White Canons or

¹ *Vide* "History of Westmoreland," &c.

Cistercian Monks, so called from their dress, which consisted of a white cassock, a white rochet, white cap, and long white cloak. They came to England about the year 1120, and a branch of them settled at Preston Patrick, and afterwards removed to Shap, and were largely indebted, so history informs us, to Thomas, son of Gospatrick, of Preston Patrick ; to the Veteriponts, barons of Westmoreland ; to William de Derwentwater ; Uctred, son of Simon de Bothelton ; Henry de Threlkeld ; and many others ; so that the monks held free pasturage over a great extent of country, as well as lands at Milburne, at Appleby, at Gargrave, in Craven, in Annandale, at Ormside, at Lowther, and other parts of Westmoreland ; the latter given to them by the widow of Sir Hugh de Lowther (some historians say by the daughter of Lord Clifford). These lands are now again, after a lapse of 400 years, as well as the ruined abbey itself, in possession of the Lowthers, and several rectories and advowsons which formerly belonged to it. The Bishop of Carlisle (as the abbey was not exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary) admitted the abbots, who took the customary oaths of canonical obedience. It was surrendered in 1540-1

by Richard Evenwood, the last abbot, who, as well as the other members of the community, received a pension. All the Cistercian orders were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The rules and observances as to mortification and devotional exercises were extremely rigorous, but a previous Pope permitted them to be relaxed. The white dress of the Cistercian Monks was worn with a black hood and girdle, but almost every religious house had different hoods. The Savignian Monks wore grey; the Savignian Monks were the closest and most scrupulous followers of St. Benedict. In 1148 the whole order passed into the Cistercian or Bernardine, in honour of St. Bernard. He founded no less than one hundred and sixty monasteries; and the Cistercians had no fewer than eight hundred abbeys, of which eighty-five were in England and Wales, but only two in Lancashire—Whalley and Furness. The Augustine, Dominican, Franciscan, and the Carmelites, were the four mendicant orders whose sphere of duty lay in the populous towns all over Europe. The Benedictine and Cistercians dwelt mostly in country districts, and were great feudal landowners. Sir Walter Scott, in the “Abbot” and “Monastery” has given a good

description as to the great influence they yielded, and also of the time when their influence began to decay. It is very evident that the abbey of Shap was in no way inferior to either Furness or Melrose as far as its influence and wealth were concerned; and if the sacerdotal power had not clashed with the secular in the time of Henry VIII., he being of a stubborn disposition, and determined not to abate one jot of his pretensions to absolute authority, England might still have been as much Roman Catholic as France or Spain, or even Ireland, at the present time.

Annexed is a poem by Mr. A. Whitehead, of Reagill.

AN ADDRESS TO SHAP ABBEY,
ON THE EXCAVATIONS OF ITS RUINS IN 1864.

BY ANTHONY WHITEHEAD, OF REAGILL NEAR SHAP.

Peur auld Abbey ! some comfort has come i' thy need ;
Thou's lang been encumber'd wi' rubbish an' weed,
But his lordship ¹ at last has proposed a good deed
To clear thy auld pile of its rubbish sea vile
Embedded now thickly on transept and aisle,
Sen monks of the order sea stately did pass
Down the aisle to the altar, at matins an' mass.

¹ The Earl of Lonsdale.

What a pity to see thee for ages neglected,
An' stan' i' thy ruin sea ragg'd and dejected ;
Thou who yance was wi' reverence sea girtly respected.
When thou steud i' thy grandeur sea matchless in splendour
Nea finger durst point, or tongue wag in slander
At the monks of the order who stately did pass
Down thy aisle to the altar at matins an' mass.

My dinner each day for a week I'd ha' gi'en
If just for ten minutes I could but ha' seen
Thee i' thy prime as thou yance mun ha' been,
When thy matin bells rang their musical clang
As the monks wi' mould candles doon 't abbey did gang,
While the leets like kaleidoscopes danc'd through the glass
As they march'd in full order at midneet to mass.

Auld history tells us the cause o' thy ruin—
When King Henry VIII. for divorcement was suing,
An' banished peur Keaytee, to start a fresh wooing ;
Then basken an' lullen in t' arms of Nan Bullen,
He meayde her his queen, but her reign was a dull'n ;
'Twas then that he wanted more silver an' brass,
Sea he scail'd the peur abbeys, the monks, an' their mass.

Aey lale dud' t' think when thou offered protection
To t' beaynes o' girt Clifford¹ tell t' day o' resurrection,
'At beayth thee an' them wad be gi'en for dissection
When t' king, like Beltshezzer, fand cash ran short measure
An' sent doon Tom Cromwell to git him mair treasure ;

¹ Lord Robert Clifford, killed at Bannockburn.

An' he was a cowardly unprincipal'd ass,
 Paid reverence to nought, neither monks nor their mass.

Sea now niver mair thou mun haude up thy heed,
 But miter an' moulder like t' beaynes o' the deed,
 But still an odd prop or a creaym i' thee need
 May stop the decay that is wasting away
 The wa's o' thy steeple, sea ancient an' gray,
 'At yance was possess'd o' five girt bells o' brass
 To summon the monks to their meals and their mass.

Mystic religion seems to have been attractive at all periods of the world's history. The pagans worshipped effigies of animals ; the Roman Catholic venerates the cross ; the mystic sign at baptism of the cross gives it prominence in the Reformed or Anglican Church. But while we venerate ancient forms and ceremonies, we are not bound to put implicit faith in the symbols alone. Symbolical religion was attractive even in the earliest times. Mysterious rites and sacrifices were practised amongst the Druids, who, in the groves, with the oak and the mistletoe for adjuncts to their ceremonies, practised in the dead of night or early morn those sacrificial services which, at that time, dwelling amongst an illiterate community, served to surround themselves with veneration, if even they themselves did not feel

a stimulus from those practices to profound veneration of the Almighty, Whose power now, as then, consists in ordering according to His will all things for the best to them that seek help by faith according to the light revealed to them, and the convictions generated within their breasts of a sublime conception of the might and power of the Divine Architect of the universe. When we open the great store-house of Divine Truth we there find that stones were taken out of the Jordan by Joshua and set up in *Gilgal*. Mr. Porter says (*vide* his work on "The Giant Cities of Bashan") the name *Gilgal* signifies a circle of stones. *Gilgal* subsequently became the centre or meeting-place for secular government, and also for religious observances. Some such origin then historians rightly imagine, we believe, to be the origin of Druidism. We know that circles of stones, called Druidical circles, exist in this country as well as in Gaul, their chief place on the continent, but not so famous as Britain, which was the great centre of such observances. These memorials exist amongst us on Salisbury Plain, at Overbury, and may we not also imagine the same observances were inculcated and general meetings held at such places as Keld, near Shap; May-

borough, near Eamontbridge ; and Gamelands, near Orton ; for it is there we can observe in our own locality the circles—small though they be, yet none the less perfect. It was in those circles, so the meagre history we can trace informs us, that was wont to be held meetings, where legislation was discussed and judgment determined by the *sages* of the occult science of Druidism—a species of assizes where the learned met—and those initiated into the *mysteries of Druidism* delivered judgment, as was their acknowledged and paramount right, vouchsafed to them by the illiterate (outside that community), as were the inhabitants of those days, who being impressed by the mystic symbolism of the secret institution they beheld from afar practising rites and ceremonies to which they were not admitted, were kept back by the presumption of the *elect*, who avowed themselves sole partakers of the Divine authority. Cæsar says of this religious body : “ The justice executed in that judgment seat was, according to ancient testimony, bloody and terrible. The religious rites were debased into the fearful sacrifices of a cruel idolatry. But it is impossible not to feel at the bottom of these superstitions there was a deep reverence for

what was high and spiritual. They instructed youth, encouraged science, and proclaimed an existence beyond the grave. It was especially the object of the Druids to inculcate this—that souls do not perish, but pass after death into other bodies; this led men to be more courageous. They discerned the motion of the heavenly bodies, the extent of the universe, nature of things, the influence and ability of the immortal gods.” The Druids were employed to offer sacrifices, to appease the wrath of an offended deity when war, famine, or disease afflicted the *Gauls*—sacrificing human victims; making receptacles of wicker-work, filling them with living men, and then destroying them by fire. The moon seemed to them most emblematical of some heavenly principle. They wore the half-moon and horns on the head, the breast, and side of the face, the horn open at both ends and enlarged at the extremities; a jug on a rude bench, with structures of wicker-work, completed not only the costume of the *Arch* Druid, in his long flowing robes delivering judgment, but the surrounding accompaniments in the sacred *grove*. Do we read of a similar *sect*, or is the name only significant, who now inhabit the ruined Cities of the

Plain in Syria and about Damascus, called Druses, who wear on certain occasions similar costume and decorative insignia—the crescent moon—which gave the name “Two-Horned” to the goddess *Carnain*? This body of men (whose religion nearest approaches to *Christian Dogma*, but whose practises, like those of the Druids, are a mystery, their manners being patriarchal and simple, although courageous) are bound together for defence. They are divided into two classes as regards religion—the *initiated* and the *ignorant*. With the former the rites, ceremonies, and doctrines remain a profound secret, the holy books are preserved and read by them alone. In this there is a difference: the Druids knew no books. The Druses assemble in chapels—not in groves—every Thursday evening [says Mr. Porter, whose travels amongst them will be read with great interest], refusing admission to all others. What they do then, and there, is unknown, but there is reason to believe that these meetings are quite as much of a political as of a religious character. The Druse sheikhs are an hereditary nobility. The Turk holds nominal sway, but the real power is with these chieftains of that land whose Bible history is so

important, and to which by the denunciations of prophecy so much interest is derived in corroboration of the Sacred *Book* and its illustration of Divine power and unerring judgment. The question is, therefore, was Druidism a living faith ?

CHAPTER IX.

ON the border-land between Westmoreland and Durham is a noted hostelry called Spital, on the road to Bowes, noted as the scene of Dickens' "Dotheboys Hall." This spital, no doubt, is the site of an hospice, where the belated traveller could obtain rest and refreshment while travelling over the wilds of Stainmoor, and no doubt tenanted by some holy man or friar, that could give ghostly advice and comfort to those whom chance threw in his way ; as many would be glad to sojourn at the wayside resting-place on this inhospitable mountain ; nay, a place like this might even be the abode of a community similar to those who inhabit Mount St. Bernard, for, although communication would not be so frequent in days long past, yet there were always bands of men who traversed, either for plunder or more legitimate purposes, the



HARTLEY CASTLE, 1600.

Unwin Brothers London.

wildest districts. Besides, this was the border-land between the ancient kingdoms of England and Scotland, and what was more important, it was frequently the battle ground between the Picts on the one side and the Scots on the other, while the civilizing Romans often would come in contact with the aboriginal inhabitants in outlying posts like these. The influence of the Church of Rome would spread its mission houses and erect hospices, called now spitals, for the seclusion of the lepers. Leprosy in those days, and long after, was a specific disease, owing, no doubt, to the use of too much salted animal food.

The (spital) house on Stainmoor, and the other at Temple Sowerby, are about twelve miles from the neighbouring abbeys of Egglestone on the one hand, and Shap on the other. This border-land between Westmoreland and Durham is not far from the summit on Bowes Moor, where the extensive tracts of moorland are well stocked with grouse, for which enormous sums are made by the proprietors, as much as fifteen guineas being obtained for a single gun for a fortnight's shooting. This is the place where the South Durham Railway from Tebay enters the latter county. On the summit of the hill is Maiden

Castle, and this name would lead people to think that there had been a castle there at some time, but there never was anything of the kind, the word *castra*, a camp, and *maida*, a hill, being the true definition ; and at another place is Rere Cross, the division of the kingdoms of Scotland and England in former times. This hill commands a view of the whole of the beacon outposts, erected at a later date for warning the people at each successive raid of the Scots, who were wont to harry the whole country to the verge of Yorkshire, which surrounds Westmoreland on its southern aspect. The scenery here from this, the backbone of the Pennine Range, embraces, as you descend on the railway to Kirkby Stephen, a view of the Vale of Eden, with the Cumbrian Range of hills in the west, with Skiddaw clear in view, and other mountains farther north ; while, as you turn the point at Coatgarth, and overlook the wooded height on which a farmhouse now stands, anciently a stronghold of Sir Andre de Harcla, the site of Hartley Castle, the seat of the Musgraves of Edenhall in ancient times, you see the towering hill of Wildboar Fell, with the mountains of Mallerstang flanking it on the east. It was at the time of our

story a very turbulent and troublesome period. The border chieftains were rough in war, and, as is often the custom in semi-savage warfare, no less rude in their reprisals, even to the carrying off of the wives and children of their neighbours. The feudal chiefs were very frequently at war with each other on the slightest provocation, but more frequently on account of the marauding practices which were at that time prevalent. The extensive moors, where the wild boar and the stag roamed, were often the scene—as well as the outlying demesne—of savage warfare. Long before the time of those who erected the castle of Brough, or ever the castle of Barnard rose proudly on the banks of the Tees, there dwelt on Stainmoor a fierce and marauding chieftain. He had no castle, but a sort of rude fortalice, in which he and his attendants lived, not far from the banks of the Dowgill riveret, to which he retreated after each foray; and was rich and powerful enough to keep up a sort of feudal state, although we do not know he had any grant of lands either from Saxon or Norman kings. About the time mentioned there lived on the banks of the Tees a Norman baron of the name of Fitz Barnard, who had come over with

the Conqueror, and who was looked upon with aversion as an intruder by those chieftains of the Saxon blood whose lands had been confiscated to the invaders. Fitz Barnard was probably one of the ancestors of Barnard Baliol, who built Barnard Castle a century later. The chieftain, who dwelt on Stainmoor, and whose descendants dwell yet in the neighbourhood, we presume, was named Dew Banke, or De Banke (corrupted now possibly to Ewe-bank), held possession of a great part of Stainmoor, as far as he could hold by constant combats with the Barons of Brough. It often happened that Dew Banke, while hunting the deer over the rugged fells bounding the east of Stainmoor, came in contact with Fitz Barnard, who, with his retainers, and accompanied by an only daughter, were often out engaged in the chase. In fact, the wild range of moor from Bowes to Wemmergill—now a shooting-box of one of the most renowned shots in England at this day, the Hon. Mr. Milbanks, nephew to the Duke of Cleveland—was a splendid haunt for the stag in those days, the horns of which are often now found in the morasses and swamps in many parts of this county. The moors abounded with the badger,

the heath with grouse, and the woods harboured numerous foxes, and also the wild cat. It was on one of these excursions that Dew Banke came upon Fitz Barnard, both of whom had a goodly number of retainers, when, quarrelling over the right of hunting, from words they came to blows, and Dew Banke's party, being the more numerous, the others were fairly put to flight, and the lovely daughter of Fitz Barnard became a prisoner along with a few others, who were let off as too great an incumbrance. However, she was carried captive by Dew Banke to his stronghold on Stainmoor, and, as was the custom in those days, clad in a rough riding-habit of home-spun woollen cloth, dyed with indigo of a rich blue colour. Before the use of fire-arms no fortalice could be stormed without a regular siege, and the battering-ram, and the cross-bow, and the short sword were the only weapons available. It is true that in hand-to-hand conflicts the short sword was a very efficient weapon; but if a prisoner was once immured it became a very difficult matter to release him. To invest even a small building requires a strong body of men, and therefore it was useless for Fitz Barnard to attempt a rescue without a sufficient

force. Ralph de Neville, living at Raby, was appealed to, to aid in the deliverance of Ethel Fitz Barnard, and by a stratagem the fort of Dew Banke was surprised. However, to make the story short, when the combined forces of Fitz Barnard and De Neville had effected a breach in the walls of the fortalice, Ethel Fitz Barnard was rescued and placed upon a charger, and with an escort set off for her home on the Tees, near where the ruined castle of Barnard now stands. Dew Banke, whose anger knew no bounds, rushed out of the fortalice mounted on his charger, through the ranks of the besiegers, and, followed by two or three retainers, overtook the escort, and, in the furious fight which followed, he, by one stroke, cut off the head of Ethel Fitz Barnard, who is said to be seen still headless at the midnight hour, dressed in blue, and mounted on a bay charger galloping along the road towards her home. The legend further says that she was not unkindly treated by Dew Banke while his prisoner, but he failed to win her love, and she positively refused to be his bride. She was tended, however, very kindly by the female servants of Dew Banke. It was chagrin at her loss, it is said, when she was escaping,

that led him to commit the deed which sent her soul unshriven to eternity, and thus caused the still wandering spirit to haunt the face of the earth at the midnight hour.

The foregoing may sound somewhat like romance, but when the state of the country is considered about the time of the Crusaders, it will readily be seen that, divided as the country was between the feudal lords and the monastic institutions, a tragedy like the one we portray was not unlikely. Each feudal lord was a king as regards those below him, and had very little restriction placed over him, owing to the distance of the sovereign who alone was above him. The former owned the vassals and serfs. Some of the most powerful barons were those whose fortunes had risen by favour of the Court, or who by their valour had obtained pre-eminence. They generally waged war if their prerogatives were infringed or their dignity offended. They were generally illiterate so far as book learning went, but strictly and eminently proud of their race, descent, and warlike exploits. They generally lorded it over their inferiors, and were very jealous of any unusual interference from those above them. But, having always a fear of the

Church, for, under the pretext of granting a passage to heaven and bliss to the immortal soul, the monks and superior clergy were ready to shrive the body at death for a fixed sum, or to pray the soul out of purgatory for a consideration, and to say any number of masses, provided the estate of the defunct baron was sufficient to pay for it. All this was the effect of superior but crafty intelligence acting on rude and illiterate minds. This, however, was made, in England at least, by the Reformation, a thing of nought, by the spread of the gospel and the Dissolution of the Monasteries. In those days small towns banded together to 'protect themselves from the rapacity of the barons, and sometimes had to fortify themselves and hazard war to protect their commerce, which was chiefly with the Low Countries. England being a great wool-growing country, exported much, not only raw material, but manufactured such articles as she could by the means of hand-loom weaving, Kendal about this time becoming famous for its cloth, called Kendal green. In Flanders hand-loom weaving was prevalent ; linen was woven chiefly in France. The communication at that time with foreign countries was by the East

Coast. The North Sea was the great fishing-ground before the discovery of America and the invasion by us of India. Our commerce is now mainly to and from ports on the western coast, which have grown up since the time of which we now treat. During Lent all Christendom in those days, and every Friday, lived upon fish. The commerce with the East was chiefly in the control of the great cities of the Mediterranean Sea—Venice, Carthage, Marseilles, Lyons, &c. France was especially noted for its silk manufactures. The Crusades did much to open up the trade between Asia and Europe. It can be easily understood how likely the towns were to be jealous of the rapacious Barons, some of them being—although barons—robbers, who waylaid the caravans of merchandise, composed of pack-horses, and, unless strongly guarded by soldiers in the pay of the towns or small communities to which they belonged, they were apt to be waylaid and seized. In almost all cases when the towns sprang up, they did so from the cause chiefly that the population outgrew the wants of the barons, and they either discharged their servants, or the bondsmen themselves (Bongate is said to have been a former refuge of such) procured their liberty by

money or extra service payments. When the power of the Crown arose, the towns were the stepping-stones by which it gained its power, and in order to subdue the turbulent barons, began to protect and grant charters for protection and the sale of merchandise. In those days the peasantry were a numerous class, and were affected by this feudalism. They were the property of the person who owned the estate they lived upon. They had to cultivate his land on certain days, and had a bit of their own for their services. They could not transfer those services, however, to another, neither could the baron or owner of the estate sell them except with the land. They went, however, with the estate. It was a species of serfdom, but qualified in some degree from some of its barbarities. The people were tenants only of their little allotments, with common rights over the unallotted pastures, woods, and forests, along with the baron's stock, which were precluded from being overstocked by a want of winter food. They lived upon animal food, which was eaten fresh, with such herbs as nature gave forth from uncultivated fields. Except for the mere use of the baron's household, very little land was then under the spade or plough. Potatoes had not

been introduced, Sir Walter Raleigh having brought those esculents from America a century later than when we treat of. Tea, coffee, and other luxuries were then unknown in this country. It will be seen that the towns were enemies of the feudal nobility by reason of their different positions and mode of life. Commerce introduced money payments instead of barter. Payment by labour, being the old-fashioned mode, was gradually substituted by money payments, and barter abolished. This was first done in England. On the continent the ancient feudal system prevailed for a much longer period. In fact, in Hungary the old system of taking a portion of the crop, or even of labour instead of rent, still obtains. The towns protected the runaway serfs, vassals, or villeins of the lord, who could not be recovered by him, if he wished, if out of his service for a year and a day. The power of the Barons was great, as shown by the legendary story of Ethel de Barnard and Dew Banke, who resided on Stainmoor (the family name afterwards, no doubt, being transformed into Ewbank, the prefix of "de" or "d" being common in those days); and if the story be true, she was no doubt taken in reprisal in some petty war or affray between those

chiefs in those feudal days. The tradition has been handed down to these times, and more than one person solemnly avers that they have seen the apparition as stated.

EWBANK SCAR.

BY MR. JOHN ARMSTRONG

(Late of Kirkby Stephen, now of Manchester).

Loud the echoes replied to Ewbank's brisk "Holloa,"
 From Stainmoor's rude steeps on the dawning mist-crowned,
 As he called from his homestead his kindred to follow,
 Mid the clang of the horn, and the bay of the hound.

Up sprang from the heath the fear-winged plover,
 The sweet-throated linnet suspending his tale,
 While the wild-eyed stag shot swift from its cover,
 With huntsmen and hounds full cry on the trail.

Away went the stag, like an arrow's flight, bounding
 O'er the long stretching moor, yet brightly bedewed,
 The weather-beaten crags with hoof-falls resounding,
 As they struck in the track of the hotly pursued.

Great was the clamour and hurry of the chasing,
 As the sturdy young huntsmen all joined in the race,
 Each hill, brake, and hollow impetuously tracing,
 Till, fairly out-wearied, some dropped from the chase.



Wain Brothers
London

EWBANK SCAUR.

Still fainter and fainter the number decreased,
The wild waving antlers at distance in view,
But unheeded as danger the distance increased,
To Ewbank, so reckless, left lone to pursue.

Deep merlegills echoes from slumber arousing,
Loud rang to the clang on the rock-strewed way,
And ravens, upstarted from carrion carousing,
At th' advance of the courser flew shrieking away.

But on like wind, o'er the hill madly speeding,
Rude clump, fence, or hollow, no check to his speed,
The old castle towers of Harcla receding,
Nigher to the game at each stretch of the steed.

The rocks that protruded to the iron hoofs flashing,
Each flash a bright beacon from the doom that was laid,
Stag, hounds, and horseman o'er the precipice dashing,
At the bottom lay bleeding, all mangled and dead.

Long as the lichen-browed scar, huge, wild, and hoary,
Shall, frowning, impend o'er the thick-wooded dell
Twill bear on its summit the sad tragic story,
Which legends pathetic through ages will tell.

CHAPTER X.

THE dales of Westmoreland have been proverbial for the longevity of their inhabitants; but whether this is to be accounted for by the healthiness of the climate is doubtful. Westmoreland being very mountainous, and on a limestone foundation, with, in many places, contracted dales, where the sun, on account of the height of the hills, scarcely ever shines in the valleys for several months; in some situations—as in Mallerstang and Bretherdale—giving rise to goitre; in some instances from the hardness of the water, but in other instances this is balanced by the softness of the water which flows from the morasses, which, like large sponges, absorb the rainfall, which the altitude of the hills draws down as the moisture flows over the top, giving rise to heavy rainfalls, and in some instances to water-spouts, which scoop

out of the hills large masses of earth, flowing down in the valleys, as in the neighbourhood of Tebay and other places, and covering a large portion of the meadow and pasture land as it falls. The solidity of such avalanches of earth renders it a costly operation to remove, and of course irreparable damage is done to many a mountain-farm that lies under the influence of such phenomena. But a great deal may depend upon the habits of a people living, as former generations did, in a simple and unexcitable manner, their diet consisting chiefly of milk, oatmeal, home-brewed ale, bacon, potatoes, and sometimes—not more than two or three times a week—mutton or beef; at least this was the frugal mode of living of the yeomen and farmers till lately. With the rise of provisions, the expense and flimsiness of dress—different to the homespun of former times—and the extra exertion of the faculties of the mind to gain a living in these more expensive times, combined with the luxuries of life which every one strives to obtain, and in many cases from the indulgence in intoxicating liquors, the longevity of the people in comparison with their ancestors may fairly be disputed; and the spread

of maladies may be fostered and engendered of a kind leading to mortality never known to the inhabitants of remote districts formerly. Climate, however, has possibly a good claim for notice in a medical point of view—whether it be essential to the prevention of some diseases, or the cure of others. In a mountainous district like Westmoreland, situated at no great distance from the Atlantic and German Oceans, the humidity from the former attracted by the mountains which nearly surround it, and a large portion of it occupying an elevated position in the centre, and subject to heavy rain-falls, it cannot be wondered that in some seasons of the year inflammatory and scrofulous diseases make sad havoc among the people, who are exposed by the nature of their employment to the vicissitudes of a somewhat variable atmosphere. Climate depends a great deal upon geographical position, sheltered situations, the influence of the sun, dryness of the soil, humidity, the prevailing winds, the influence of the Gulf-stream, &c. In my observations on the north-west coast of England, by the aid of meteorological observations and tables, supplied to me by the Rev. F. Redford,

of Silloth, which were published by me in the year 1872 in the *British Medical Association Journal*, I there attempted to show that the dryness of the atmosphere, freedom from fogs, and the presence of ozone, have a good deal to do with the healthiness of a locality; and also that the porosity of the soil in many places, by rapidly absorbing and carrying off the water—even when there was an excessive rainfall; and especially when occurring at any place near the sea—rendered it of great importance as a health resort and as a residence for invalids. Such dryness and freedom from the bad effects of evaporation of moisture to excess, give invalids opportunities to get exercise, which is of prime importance, and which they could not get in less favourable situations. But while I endeavoured to show in that paper that Southport, Silloth, and other places on the west coast, as well as some others differently situated—such as Grange, which is sheltered from the east—are particularly adapted as residences in the colder months of the year, especially when east winds prevail, I did not omit to state that at Silloth, for instance, the prevailing winds being from the south-west and

the Solway,—an arm of the sea which is landlocked, and the current running with the wind, aided by the influence of the Gulf-stream—this might have something to do with equalizing the temperature of a place so peculiarly situated. But this mode of reasoning is borne out by facts of surprising interest, viz., no place in England gives—with instruments—so much per centage of ozone, except the marine residence of Her Majesty in the Isle of Wight. It will naturally be asked by those unacquainted with chemical and meteorological reasoning, What is ozone? To render the subject plain, every one who has noticed, or cares to notice, a thunderstorm, knows that electricity is generated, and that the lightning, so much feared by some, has the power to purify, and, of course, does purify the atmosphere, and gives to the senses a feeling that there is abroad a peculiar odour, not unlike that which is noticed from an electrical machine. It is in its composition not unlike nitric acid; and as nitrogen exists mechanically mixed with oxygen in the atmosphere in the proportion of three of nitrogen to one of oxygen, it is probable that a greater supply of oxygen exists after electrical action,

and that at the expense of nitrogen and watery vapour. It may be best to say then that ozone is oxygen intensified or modified, rendered stronger in fact, and that influences are at work in particular locations, to render it more permanent than in others because, if a current of air has not free course over a great space, the atmosphere becomes impregnated with the gases from workshops, decompositions of vegetable matter, and other impurities.

Climate partakes largely of the nature or altitude of a district, and its proximity to the sea. But the health of a community no doubt depends more upon sanitary arrangements. Pent up pestilential gases are to be avoided, but it is a surprising fact that the men employed in the London sewers are proverbially healthy. This may be accounted for in a great measure by the strong current of air rushing through these artificial media, and, probably, in a great measure to the absorbing power of water which they are flushed with more or less continually. However, the main facts regarding the health of people in any district agree; that abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and enervating influence of habits of any kind which are detrimental

to health, should be observed ; while a wet or humid climate, although it has its advantages in a hilly district, yet low, undrained situations are to be avoided. To keep up the uniform heat of the body, therefore, is of great importance, and this can be done by wearing flannel next the skin, which prevents the evaporation of the heat of the body when over-exerted, and prevents the penetration of the cold to the surface better than any other material in common use. How often however do we see young females insufficiently clad, especially about the chest, with the most flimsy material, and no doubt this in a great measure gives rise to many complaints that may be serious in themselves, and lay the foundation frequently of that dire disease, consumption, which is too frequent amongst a certain class of people, both male and female. Diet, of course, has a great deal to do with keeping up the temperature of the body, and here again the materials are at hand for every one. Nothing can be better or cheaper, in fact within the reach of everybody who can procure food at all, viz., oatmeal porridge and new milk. This, supplemented by a few ounces of wheaten bread, soup, or solid animal

food, with a modicum of preserved or fresh fruit, is all that is absolutely necessary to insure health. The most cheerful time, however, amongst the hills of Westmoreland, is when the sun's rays beam upon us for a few weeks in summer. But the pastures call out loudly—to use a term in common use—for moisture, and without rain the flocks and herds that graze upon our pasture would lack the verdant juices which alone contribute to their growth and enjoyment. There is, however, much pleasurable enjoyment in the light frosts of winter, when locomotion is not impeded by heavy snow-falls; and the Canadian atmosphere alone can outvie that of Westmoreland in its strengthening influence.

The proximity of the sea is often of great use to invalids who are suffering from a peculiarity of constitution, from a sedentary life in towns, or in localities remote from the sea. Owing to climatic influence, a change is often necessary—in fact, in some cases indispensable to health; so the different health resorts are recommended for some virtue, either as regards the nature of the water, as mineral water, or for the purity of the air. The expanse of ocean, stretching as it does for thousands of miles;

its water laden with salts, possessing the virtue and properties of medicine, the system by respiration rapidly absorbs, although imperceptibly, many invigorating qualities derived from the air which is breathed. In a variable climate like England it will be seen that pulmonary consumption and scrofula, aided by the different trades from which noxious vapours and irritating substances are inhaled, contribute thousands of victims annually, and figure largely in the bills of mortality. It is a question whether any other country on the globe is afflicted with such a variety of diseases affecting the air-passages, and hereditary scrofula.

The frequent inter-marriages in isolated districts have been remedied by the opening up of railways and migration of people from secluded parts; still, it will be long before marriages of near relations will be eschewed; as tending to deterioration of offspring both in mind and body, until a better knowledge of the subject becomes more generally diffused, and the fundamental laws of health better understood by the community.

CHAPTER XI.

AT no place does Christmas produce more heart-inspiring mirth than amongst the natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland, nor are there any other counties which can vie with them in manly athletic sports, as witness the various wrestling matches all over the country, and notably those arranged by natives who are resident in London, and who assemble at Lillie Bridge to contest in their favourite pastime, thus attracting from their native dales all those who are distinguished for pre-eminence in the struggle of strength. But at Christmas among his native dales the farmer, who is often a stockman more than anything else, can be seen with his hands enveloped in huge mittens of home manufacture, being gloves without fingers, and only the thumb being distinct from the lump; often thrusting them half-way into

his trousers pockets; with a fustian jacket well buttoned up to his chin, jogging along merrily to his daily labour, singing or whistling as he goes, with his jolly red face, scarcely perceiving the dairymaid, with her (piggin) milk-pail in her hand (and often carried when filled on her head) hurrying to the (byre) cow-house, where the smell and warmth of the cows makes her often exclaim that it's a pleasure to gang milking through the snaw (snow) to git among the kye (cows); while the boy mucking (cleaning) the byre thinks that his job is not so very nice, while she laughs at him for her gratification. The (tarns) small lakes and ponds, or the river on the top of some weir, may be seen covered with boys sliding in their wooden clogs mostly, frequently by moonlight, tripping themselves up often, when they roll all in a heap. The roars of laughter resound, and they think it fine fun to have a break in like this upon their (shirling) sliding. In the frosty or snowy days the farmers' men may yet be seen upon the smaller farms, where threshing machines are not obtainable, threshing the corn in couples with a flail, which consists of a hand-staff, with leather thongs attached to a heavy stick about four feet long, called the

“soople” (A.S. *swipa*, a whip; Fr. *souple*), and occasionally having a little pull at home-brewed out of a jug hid in a hole of the wall in the corner; while in the farmhouse itself, either churning, washing, baking, or making mince pies, the wife and daughters of the household are often to be seen at Christmas time, for the entertainment of themselves or some expected family party. In the long winter evenings card parties are invited, bowls of punch are not uncommon, while roast goose and plum puddings form the Christmas Day repast in many a farmhouse and substantial household. All seem merry; the cares of life are left in abeyance as much as possible, for what is the use of repining at losses and crosses at the end of the year. Let us hope, they say, for a good new year, and better luck next time, and so on; while the lads and lasses play off charades. Amateur theatricals, glees, concerts, &c., are got up frequently at village parties, and many a night’s amusement is improvised for the edification of a great number of the community. Tea parties for the aged, Sunday-school treats and Christmas trees are procured for the children, and prizes often given for excellence in singing, drawing, and other accomplishments at this

season of the year by the teachers of various day and Sunday schools. The barring out of the master used to be carried out, and after he had promised a treat and holiday to suit the scholars, he was let into the school where the treat was held. We can remember, however, some rather rough scenes at such times, and one in particular, where the master ventured to look through the keyhole, when he was burned about the face by a piece of hot iron thrust through it. This custom, we believe, is now abandoned as thoughtless and useless, because set holidays obtain nowadays. Such are some of the amusements which Christmas annually produces. It unites the different members of the family under the paternal roof, and cements the good-will of each other towards their neighbours. There is often sadness felt from the absence of some near and dear one, perhaps gone away for ever ; but as we cannot always live in the past, our future should be brightened by such gatherings, and our minds mellowed and hallowed by bereavement as we think of the yearly festivity, and celebrate the anniversary of that birth which gave "Glory to God, and peace on earth towards men."

Edwin Lees, writing about the year 1839-40, in a neat little volume of poems descriptive of Christmas, gives the following abstract, which we transcribe as a very good description of such a scene in Westmoreland :

“When on the barn’s thatched roof is seen,
The moss in tufts of liveliest green ;
When Roger to the wood pile goes,
And, as he turns, his fingers blows ;
When all around is cold and drear,
Be sure that Christmas-tide is near.”

Mr. R. Story, of Gargrave School, in Yorkshire, wrote the following in 1829, on the Parish Clerk :

“Learn next that I am parish clerk,
A noble office by it mark,
It brings me in six guineas clear,
Besides *et ceteras* every year ;
I give the solemn deep amen,
Exalted then to breath again,
The heart devotion of the crowd.
But, oh, the fun when Christmas chimes
Have ushered in the festive times,
And sent the clerk and sexton round
To pledge their friends in draughts profound,
And keep on foot the good old plan,
As only clerk and sexton can.

Nor less the sport when Easter sees
 The daisy spring to deck her leas,
 Then claimed as dues by Mother Church,
 I pluck the cackler from the perch ;
 Or in its place the shilling clasp,
 From grumbling dame's slow opening grasp ;
 But Visitation Day ! 'tis thine
 Best to deserve my native line ;
 Great day, the finest, brightest gem
 That decks the fair year's diadem ;
 Grand day that sees me costless dine,
 And costless quaff the rosy wine,
 Till seven churchwardens doubled seem,
 And doubled every taper's gleam,
 And I, triumphant over time,
 And over tune, and over rhyme,
 Called by the gay, convivial throng,
 Lead in full glee the choral song."

The following by J. B. is not inapplicable to the district of which we treat. It has been transcribed from *The Animal World* :

"Nobbet a dog, ye say, but than
 He was a friend as weel
 Ta me, an' as a friend his loss
 Ah'd hey ye know ah feel ;
 Ah hed him eight lang 'ears er mair,
 Ah brak him in mysell,

An' better niver poddish supped,
Er niver went ta t' fell.

He knew his wark and did it weel,
That's mair than ah can say
Fer many a snafflin man ah've known,
Howiver much his pay ;
When ah brak me leg ya winter
Et gaen ower t' frozen snow,
Ah'd deed on t' spot ah's varra sure,
Bet Ray let oor folk know.

He come reet heam, and wadn't rest
Till t' lads turned oot to see
Whear ah was, an' Ray varra seun
Brout them wi' help ta me ;
And wen he gat auld an' feckless,
He'd lie be t' kitchen fire,
And dream that he was efter t' sheep,
Er bringing t' cows ta t' byre.

Na, na, ah's nut shamed if a tear
Does fa' fer poor auld Ray,
For if " nobbet a dog," we shared
Many a kear (care) and joy ;
Nobbet a dog, ah wish ye friends
May pruve as true ta ye,
As my auld fouer-fuited friend
Was ivver true ta me."

LINES ON HUNTER, THE CARRIER,

WHO WAS WAYLAID AND SHOT ON A DARK NIGHT IN
NOVEMBER, 1837 ; AND ON A DROVER FOUND MURDERED
SOME TIME AFTER NEAR SUNBIGGIN TARN.

ON Lune's fair bank where violets grow,
The stream itself new-born and low,
The whole, just here, o'erlooked by Kelleth high,
Where drowsy cows and lambs so quietly lie ;

Coat Gill, Midfield, and Archer Hill,
And many a stream and many a rill
With Lune's pure water ere doth blend,
And anglers come sweet hours to spend ;

One sad event long since occurred,
A murder 'twas, as is averred ;
The railway now is planted where
The scene I paint, the roadway near.

A carrier, on the lonely road he came
From Kendal town, well-known by name,
Poor Hunter, he, as was not rare,
Brought goods, exchanged for country ware,

Was wending home in covered cart,
And near approached with loving heart
His wife and children sure to greet,
And in sweet confidence to meet.

But an assassin, close by the hedge,
Waylaid him, shot him, while on the ledge
Of cart was riding ; fell backward he,
Launched by foul murder into eternity.

No one was seen, but t' shot was heard,
His money gone, and the dastard
Villain escaped, no weapon found,
No suicide this, no other sound.

The poor horse his body carried home,
The sight how horrid 'twas to some,
That some his father and his wife so dear,
In sorrow left to mourn for many a year.

The poor drover, who upon the road was found,
No friends had he, cold laid upon the ground,
And buried in the old churchyard alone,
But where's not known, ne'er marked by any stone.

By lonely tarn, Sunbiggin by name, he met his fate,
And this, another mystery, is unravelled yet,
This foul deed was done near Raisebeck Head,
By whom 'twas done no one knew, perhaps the dead

Had by some companion been bereft of life,
Or killed by some casual villain, who was rife
For plunder, whene'er he could securely find
A victim to assail, and heedless of mankind.

The lonely tarn close by is a weird spot to name,
A spot forsooth to anglers not unknown to fame,
The speckled trout when angled from a boat
Has charms to some, while on its bosom slowly float

The coot, the duck, and the strange seagull,
No stranger here when by floods the tarn is full ;
The plover, curlew, and the grouse do brood close by
Till August comes, and many through the sportsmen die.

These mysteries not all ; O others have arisen,
Suspicious deeds, the authors ne'er in prison,
Justice awaits, the " mills of God grind small,"
The cowardly wretch, now screened, may have a fall.

And the seared conscience, now a peccant one,
May yet be brought to traverse or bemoan
The false oath pledged, and anguish borne
By Innocence, and punishment dire and forlorn.

And wretches, who conspire to conceal,
Maybe by bribes, will not reveal,
While others rob by many ways,
And judgment waits for future days.

But acts like these will not remain unpenned
Long as the heather blooms, the moorland scanned
By travellers on this road, where cairns are found
Of Picts and Scots in mounds, its hallowed ground.

The Almighty power will strict justice wield,
And guard the right, true innocent to shield ;
While guilt with quaking fear beriven,
Appeals in vain from earth to God and heaven.

T. G.

LEGEND OF THE WILD BOAR.

BY JOE STEEL.

ONE day the boar he met a lusty deer,
They soon engaged in war,
And had a contest most severe
Close to a rugged scaur ;
They met and met full many a time,
At length the deer was borne
Against a jutting rock of stone,
And left behind one horn,
Which lay half hid in moss and grass,
And as the years went round
Sank down more deep in the morass,
Until the horn was found
By men working in a drain
Below the Sunny Brow,
When it was brought to light again,—
But to my story now.

The one-horned buck for many a year
Was hunted by the swains,

Who got one thing, it does appear,
Their labour for their pains,
Until a youthful sportsman bold
Came off the Stainmoor side,
And ran the buck round Hartley fold.

* * * *

The buck went on through fair and foul,
And never picked his way,
The rider's horse, quite past control,
Would neither turn nor stay ;
They galloped o'er yon scaur so high,
Yon scaur, that bears the name
Of Ewbank, that's the reason why,
And how the title came.

The sportsman was a Ewbank from
Below the Woffer Gill
On Beelah side, who thought to come
The buck and boar to kill ;
But ne'er a sportsman more
After that fatal day,
Attempted to hunt down the boar ;
He ran full many a day,
Till gallant Phillip Hartley
Essayed to bring him down,
With dogs brought o'er from France ;
One murky afternoon
He met him at the Podgill Head,
But soon I wot he found

His Gallic dogs were dead
And himself a mortal wound,
Which he'd received about the breast ;
And soon, alas, his friends
Interred him in a freestone chest,
And there my story ends.

A giant appeared and thus he said
With half a fiendish laugh,
“ I'll lay the monster low ” ;

* * * *

The foot-marks of the boar was seen,
He traced him to the hill
Where first the water flows,
That feeds the Scandale rill,
Which gathers as it goes ;
And there he espied the savage brute
Upon the mountain brow,
Tearing the sods with his snout
Just like a farmer's plough ;
The noise he heard, and forward sprung
With bristles up on end,
And *slaver* from his tongue,
Full furious as a fiend ;

* * * *

The giant with one stroke on loins
Deprived the boar of life,
Which gave a title to the hill

That ne'er will pass away,
 For it is called Wild Boar Fell
 E'en to this very day.

NOTE.—Mr. Joseph Steel, as before-mentioned, was a working stonemason, chiefly in the employment of the late M. Thompson, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Stobars Hall; but after his death he was employed by that gentleman's trustees and his sisters in a confidential capacity as land steward or agent till his death, which happened in 1882.

THE GROT.

SEQUESTERED spot, deep mossy shade,
 And trickling drops of water sprayed,
 Which, dancing in the sunbeam, vied
 With diamond lustre : I espied
 A spot ; t'was small, but who can tell
 The beauties of that fairy dell.

In summer the drops and water spray
 Are blended in a motley way—
 In winter frost, then what a change,
 Large pearls of icicles arrange
 From roof of grot, like spangles hung,
 Or rows of beads, or pearls unstrung.

But then what nature does at will
 No mortal can outstrip by skill.



KNIGHT-TEMPLAR, TIME OF SIR A. DE HARCLA—CIR. 1340.

From atoms small arise each wonder,
Sprung up unseen, yet there no blunder ;
Outstripping art in magic shades,
Thus nature paints the pretty glades.

And many a spot, so simply shielded,
To men obscure much pleasure yielded ;
Whilst pomp and pride in passing by,
Such simple pleasures never spy,
But jostle in the crowded throng
And like vain shadows glide along.

Their minds wrought up to such a pitch
By subtle arts—oft landed in the ditch :
They strive to cull, by sweet caressing
From fashion's foible every blessing ;
Their thoughts about some splendour bent,
Nor think that all their time's misspent.

But let me feel my mind at ease,
Enough for me if nature please ;
I'll roam o'er hill and dale and heather,
Nor care for wind or roughest weather ;
There's beauty still in seasons changing,
And pleasures sweet in ever ranging.

The grot was near an ancient mill,
Not far from leafy scarr'd Podgill ;
The castle stood aboye on view,
With Harcla's (Hartley) pride, in keeping true ;
The moorland shade and cataract's roar
Is heard around, as when the wild boar

Prowled about in savage quest,
Or, when by hunter sadly prest,
By hill and brook he sought to rest
To save his life, like others did his best.
The landscape still shows yet the Gill
And proves too well the hunter's skill.

The boar was slain in strange combat,
But this is proved, no need of that ;
The grot is there, near Hartley Stream,
And sparkling still in winter's gleam,
When ice-bound is the watery moss
That to the scene gives such a gloss.

And hard by Eden stream yet flows,
As time still onward goes,
The mill beneath the hoary castle's gone,
In ruins the castle's not alone—
The pride of Harcla now is o'er,
But not the fame of hero or wild boar.

Harcla's race succeeded not to this domain,
Nor honour from the world obtain.
A rebel's lot was his, in ignominy to die ;
On spikes his head and members lifted high—
The law majestic, to uphold was then
As now, the law of God to men.

My *finale* now approaches near,
The grot is there, the grove, the stream so clear ;
And sparkling nectar as of old,
By bards and others are extolled ;

The landscape's changed where castles were,
And other homes and objects there.

T. G.

NOTE.—Roger de Clifford being attainted of treason, 15th Edward II., the king granted to Sir Andrew de Harclay the castle of Brougham, the manors of Mallerstang, King's Meaburn, Kirkby Stephen, and Langton (this is Langton near Appleby), with the wood of Whynnefeld (Whinfell), together with the Sheriffwick, reserving to himself the cornage (Countess of Pembroke's "Memoirs"), which again being forfeited by Sir Andrew, were restored to the said Roger by King Edward IV., in the first year of his reign.

HAWESWATER.

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT WITH T. GIBSON, M.D., BY MR.
JAMES R. BLAND, SEPT. 4TH, 1879.

EMBOSOMED mid mountains bleak and bold,
Like a living sheet of silver rolled—
Haweswater lies.

And on its surface so calm and still,
Faithfully mirrored is each high hill—
Kissing the skies.

Oh beautiful lake, how fair art thou
As the glorious sun sheds on thee now
His noontide ray !

Like a glimpse of the far-famed fairy-land
Seem thy waters blue and mountains grand,
Sublime, yet gay.

As now on thy lovely shores I ride,
And the mountains stand in all their pride,
Hemming thee round,

My soul is filled with a secret fear
At the power Divine displayed here—
Awfully profound.

In a small and quiet churchyard sleep,
In death's long slumber, so calm, so deep,
So peaceful still,

Many who trod life's devious way
Afar from the spot where rests their clay
Beneath the hill.

Rest ye, rest in slumber sweet, O rest ;
The peace of God, the portion of the blest,
Be yours for aye.

And when God shall call you from your sleep
May it be to the land where none may weep—
Where's endless day.

O Father, grant that my life may be
Sure and smooth as the water I see
So peaceful still ;

That like the mountains which round it stand,
The love of God on every hand

May guard from ill.

Mr. Bland is a native of Orton, and is now master of Ivington School, Herefordshire. He has shown himself worthy of his native country by his own advancement from youth upwards without material aid from others. So much will show that he is talented and discerning.

OUR VILLAGE.

OUR village in a valley secluded lies,
Umbrageous woods and purling streams supplies
With beverage cool, and shady walks,
Where neighbours meet and crack their jokes,
A place you'll know of some renown,
Though far removed from any town.

A town itself, so styled, but not so clear,
Unless we hold to traditions old and drear ;
A church full fair, it stands upon a hill ;
A manor-house of ancient date ; and old corn mill ;
Its people proud, as proud can be,
Of its ancient charter, and its heraldry.

The hall, a modern structure fair to view,
Not very ancient, nor yet too new,

Enclosed with woods and fairy ground,
 Handsome by art and skill profound ;
 A stream meanders through the vale quite near,
 And noble walks close to its waters clear.

An oasis, this our village, and our boast
 When by the stormy tempest on the waste
 Our flocks and herds sore pressed are driven,
 And noble woods uprooted and upriven,
 They shelter find beneath the glades
 Of woods and shielings, free from raids.

Of yore were harried by the Scot,
 And hot trod taken, by them got—
 Nor leave nor license asked or given,
 Where, from their owners reived and riven,
 Our castle thwaites with peels were planted,
 To these were driven by guards undaunted

By beacon light, if but forwarned,
 A hot reception got, and left unharmed.
 Peel towers now are swept away—
 We live in peace, nor fear the night affray ;
 Unless it's some misguided loot and fool
 Whose shrieks vie with the screeching owl.

Our village is not so far behind the age,
 But yet renowned, if not for men of lineage ;
 Burn here wrote his work on Justice ; well
 Compiled our county's history, as all can tell,

With Nicholson, from papers others left so rare,
As nothing since could be or aught compare.

A man of parts, so good a scholar he
That chancellor was made in Carlisle chancellerie,
Justice, judge, and vicar all combined,
Historian, biographer, was intertwined,
But Orton's vicar still, firm to his first post,
T'was here he lived 'tis true, the name not yet is lost.

There's sages still, though some are meek,
You'll find them now, not far to seek ;
The spot itself, 'tis destined still to bear
Its fair renown—you must beware,
Not scoff at local gossips, who in print
Pourtray our virtues, or recall some strange event.

And freaks of nature oft-times, strange to say,
With other matters—not so clear to-day—
As once were known to other mortals,
When clear of t' village and church portals,
For just across the Lune's broad stream
A man once lived could solve a dream ;

Or by the stars could fortunes tell ;
Circumvent a witch ; love philters sell ;
Old Dr. Farrer's bones amongst us lie,
Who read black art, which others mystify,
Malevolent spirits held in check,
And laid them low in nearest Beck.

'Twas thus you'll see, 'tis clear and plain,
 Our village noted long, not now disdain ;
 We now are free from doubt and fear,
 Witches now beguile by other arts, 'tis clear :
 No hags or hideous dames enthral to-day,
 But buxom girls bewitch in quite another way.

T. G.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO FARMERS, ANTHONY AND JOHN.

A. Hoo ayre ye to-day ? Hey ye hard ony news ?

J. Nay, nut mich. I'se warrent ye hennet gitten duont t' hay yet.

A. Nea, nut we ; t' weather's bean sea wet, en wer rayther wake. Our haytime man was we us three weeks, and we nivver gat a forkful ot time.

J. Hey ye hed aught et ocshun mart laytly ?

A. Na, nut mich. I nobbut hed a coaf to sell. It was a spiff 'un. I gat five pund for't, un it was nobbut five weeks auld. I dun't care mich fer thir ocshun marts meysell. I like te sell me awn things meysell ; but some foak say they maek mair o'r ther stuff, un that's summit, anyhow. What ! they say theve gitten watter warks et Kirkby, becos t' watter

they hed was'nt varra gud? I nivver saw nout et aill when I was thear; did ye?

J. I nivver drinch mich watter be't sell. I allus like a sup o' gin in't. It's nobbut a cald thing et'sell isn't watter, I think.

A. Our Betty says et furs kettle sumtimes. Et's limestane watter, but it's nut bad fer folk, is t' watter. Al nivver tak much hurt frate watter. It's sum kick-maleeri fancy et fine folk end doctors sa. It's bad is drinking bad watter; but t' watter ell nut be varra bad, I'se sud think, ef they'd keep t' filth out et channels en drain toon, as they sud du.

J. Whya, the'll please thersells likle: the'll be summat te pay for us chaps, that's varra likle.

A. Ye say reet, nowt se sartain. Gud day. Ayre ye au weel at heam?

J. Aye, varra. Is your folk au reet? Gud day.

A. Ah say, John, dud tu ken Peggy Rellick, ut leved et Whorton a few yers sen.

J. Aye, marri dud e. She was a strange oad woman. She used tu gang about we oad duds, war ner a pack ov clooted woo' secks, en a girt round thing o' patched on her hede, like a bee skep.

A. Aye, marri did she. They sed she was worth

brass ; but I did think't ent parrish wad hev to bury her. But, od rat, barn, there was sum queer folk lang sen. Thou wad ken t' Gelbert lads, didn't te ?

ƒ. Aye, I sud think sea ; Johnny et Gelbert's knobbled me we his stick ance when I was a lat, et Bluidy Banes' loaning. He used to wear a white hat et Kitty Harker gev him, and gay proud he was on't. They sed he tuke it back becos it didn't fit ; but oad Ben Titley, t' oad hatter, fettled it up for him, and pacified Johnny, sea that he war it tell't oad rim dropt off.

A. Did te ken that oad man e Rissendel we't lean nag ? He thow't he wad spart' nag be putting t' meal batch on his oan back afore getting on tul't nag. He was a regular oad skinflint. I'se varra sure he grudged reek of his kail.

ƒ. Od zounds, lad, but ther was kettle wark eh them times, when t' meal was twelve shillin' a peck, en flour five shillin' a stane. Ther was nea railways than, te noo, ner Marley flour frae Barny Castle, tell Jordan fetch't it. Whya, thull aiblines ma ha forgotten, our quality thow't et cuntre wad aw ga te reck wi' thur railways ; but ther hes been mair brass astir sen they began te mak them. I'se warrant addling

hes been far better, while baith meal en flour is far cheaper nowadays. A deel o' fouke was varra sair put tu't e Bonny time, and often efter; but there is ya thing et's gitten up—nay, twa or three. Luke et price ov beef, en mutton, en butter, en milk. Whya, our Betty says et she can hardly get a drop to bake we, an' our bease hes been dry now mebbe a fortnit or mair.

A. Whya, tu sees, folk eats mair flesh meat now en fatty cakes, cos addlings better, en you can hardly tell t' common folk fra t' gentry now, if they keep thir mun shut. Barn things is gettin tull a terrible pitch e dress nowadays. Whya, when I was yung yan thow't yansell varra weel off if yan gat anes poddige twice a day, en stirabout en lobsouse fur dinner. Now ther's terrible wark o' up en down wi' tea parties and picnics, sec dancing and fleeing about owt et duar, oft draggled wi' wet claes, en gits thir deeth o' coad—far worse, I sa, nir a gud merri neet lang sen. Sumtimes they gat coad ower heatin' thersells en than turning out. But folks was harder lang sen; we hedn't sea many doctors knockin' about, unless t' lyins-in, an' them's things et mun happen, or t' world would sune be at an end.

ƒ. Whya, when I went to skule wi' me wallet en bit o' bluemilk cheese en bread, I never ailt nowt, I was oft au treacle ower. We never used nae butter, our fowke couldn't afford it, en it was nobbut about sevenpence a pound, eh them days.

A. Whya, it's au wark for farmers to mak ends meet yet they say, but they can always ramp about e fine gigs en what nut, and rents is up twice as much as they used to be.

ƒ. Aye, but thou sees thur railways, en ya thing or another, hes raised produce. Whya, you cannot get a decent cow now under twenty pund, yan mud ha gitten as good fer ten, twenty year sen, lale good bagged uns. Ther fine short-horn breed er a gay bit bigger, but sum on em er nobbut middlin' milkers.

A. Now, dust a think, John, et land grows mair now they gat te usin sea mich artificial? En my opinion, ther nowt bangs good muck. I dun't reckon mich on't as good littery muck, wi' plenty o' suction in't, it'll bring a crop anytime; but them chaps et sells artificial, en gis papers out, wad mak yan believe et t' monia, et yan cannot see, is t' main thing for makking t' quorn and girse grow.

ƒ. Whya, it may be sea. Iv'e tried nitre mesell.

Bless us, barn, it does leather't. Whya, ye can omest see t' girse grow ; fine dark loking stuff, it does plate it and nea mistake. But it's like drawing t' tooth ot graud ; it wants summit wi' sum suction in't to fetch a crop neest time.

A. Aye, varri likeli. I yance hard that Dr. Gibson (thul mebbe ea heard him ance, lecturing about sech like things), he wad fain persuade folk et banes is best fur land. He maeks out et guano is nobbit fish banes et's gone through birds, en ses this tank stuff caps owt for makin girse grow.

J. Whya, he's nobbut red about it ; what can he know ? I sud think if he minds his awn job it'll be as weel. Farmers owt ta knau as weel as these fellas. He mebbe thinks es yan doesn't ken these jawbrekkers yan gits fra these muck chaps about their mannyures. Et's o' Greek ta me. They mud as weel send yan a Hebrew Testament to read ev this cuntry.

A. Let's gang intu t' "Fleece" en ev a drop o' summut ta drink. It's nobbut dry wark talking without summint ta sup on. Does tu think ef these chaps et gits sech girt wages er these railways, en up an down, save owt ?

ƒ. Nay, barn, I cay't tell. I sud think nut. Ther ower much sabblement amang thir tea parties en a' thir finery. When I was a lad my muther used ev linsey-woolsey slop ower her shoulders, and mebbe a flannel petticoate fur Sunda's. Nowadays ther's edgings ta o' kinds o' things. T' women er decked out like as if aw t' things they hed wir ta be put on thir backs et ance.

A. But tu see's cuntra's turned upside down. Yan can git ta Lunnon in as many 'ours as days lang sen, en fowk et cuntra hes gitten ta dress ther-sell like as they dua et towns. It'll be lang afore they see any mair times like oad uns. I nivver think et owt cum up ta knee-breeches and swallow-tail'd quots. But I mun away. It's gayn ta get out fer a hay-da, en we mun ev a lot in to-day. It's nobbut parlish weather.

ƒ. Whya, aye, Gud-day. Has gayn to see t' oad Squire et Skelcies? They say he's a varra gud cow to sell; sea, Gud-day.

LOCAL SAYINGS IN RHYME.

BY JOE STEEL.

“ WHEN t’ curlew whistles leyat at neet
Noo that’s a sign o’ snow and sleet.”

“ When t’ helm’s low and foxes bark
Bar up your doors afore it’s dark.”

“ When t’ wind blows hard frae Stowgill eyast
Ye ma foad yer sheep and hoos yer beyast.”

“ A snoa-storm o’ the month of May
Mack’s Kysty Kye yeat styadal hay.”

“ A snoaey April and a snizey May
Mack farmers ettle out their hay.”

“ She sets up her back, that all crock you
She’ll nevvir live to hear t’ cuckoo.”

“ A nanny pet lamb makes a dwining yeu,
Nut yan oot o’ ten on em ever doos dow.”

“ If t’ esh tree buds before t’ yack
The following summer will be black ;
But if t’ yack buds titter cummer
’Tis sure to be a druffy summer.”

“Fill esp and sap and keep it dry
The heart of yack it will defy ;
But eller wood is nine times better
Ner esp or yack for under watter.”

“Trin tran sike, like master sike like man,
A lazy life brings scant or scan.”

“If Candlemas Day be cloudy and black,
It will carry away oad winter on its back ;
But if t' sun shine before it is newn,
Winter, depend on't, isn't hoaf down.”

“If Candlemas Day be fine and clear,
We'll hev two winters in one year.”

“If Candlemas Day be sunshiny and warm
Ye may mend yer oad mittens and look for a storm.”

NOTE.—Yuletide, Yaletide, Christmastide. The yule showing great light on the fire was formerly regarded as the turn of the year, after the shortest day. Shrovetide, Shrift-tide, *i.e.*, Confession. A Christmas-box originally was put in a ship to collect pence to give, to pay for a safe return, to the priest—no pence no paternoster.

A DIALOGUE ON SCHOOLS.

Squire. Well, John, how many children have you ?

Labourer. Six, please, your honour.

S. Do they go to school ?

L. Yes, they all go but the young one.

S. I am glad to hear. The education of the young is of great importance ; in fact, as you know, the Government enforces it.

L. Yes, I think it is a pity Government troubles itself with such like matters so much.

S. But you know, John, everybody is not like you. Some people would not care if their children never went to school at all, which might lead the children into habits of idleness and mischief.

L. I think it is very hard that parents cannot have the control over their children. A boy or girl is of no use to help them nowadays.

S. You mean that they are not allowed to work under a certain age, as formerly ?

L. Yes, and more than that ; I never hear that any of them that go to these schools get on so much, after all.

S. Oh, yes; they often come up to the higher standards, you know.

L. I don't know much about the standards, but I know formerly there were very clever men made out of the old grammar schools.

S. Yes, but you see, John, things are different nowadays. The labouring class ought to have equal advantages.

L. So far as that goes, perhaps, they have. What I complain of is, that there is not a chance for a labourer's son to get on as formerly.

S. He may be removed, you know, into a middle-class school, if he shows talent.

L. Yes, but the labouring man cannot afford it.

S. Sometimes he may get assistance.

L. Very rarely. Every one is not so liberal as you, sir.

S. You think, then, that the old system was the better for the generality of poor people who have clever children?

L. Decidedly so, sir.

S. But masters could not be got, nowadays, who would be willing to teach classics for the small stipends of village grammar schools.

L. But how does it happen that the stipends are so small? I suppose the value of the land these schools are endowed with is increased same as other lands?

S. In some instances they are; but in others, owing to neglect in the cultivation of them, and their uncertain tenure, they have not increased in value as they ought.

L. If these lands were sold, I suppose they would bring in a good price; and, if the money was invested in something else, the stipends could be increased.

S. This would interfere, you see, with the will of the founder.

L. But the will of the founder is interfered with already, or else the grammar schools would not have been made elementary only.

S. The Charity Commissioners, in their wisdom, and the Parliament, have thought it better that a chance should be given to all the lower classes to be educated up to a certain standard.

L. But this deprives the really clever boy of advancement.

S. In very many cases higher education does harm; and, besides, it is necessary that gentlemen's

sons be made into priests and doctors. There is little enough chance for getting employment for gentlefolks, nowadays, suitable for them.

L. I thought as much. Did you ever know a gentleman's son a schoolmaster by profession ?

S. Well, certainly not often in villages.

L. You think, then, it is better to keep a sort of caste between individuals of certain station ?

S. Yes, perhaps for the good of society it is better.

L. George Stephenson and George Moore were not born gentlemen, I think ?

S. No, or for that matter, our parson either ; but you see such men have to keep themselves aloof from the people they spring from.

L. No more, sir, than Simpkins, the miller, who was a poor lad, and is now a rich man.

S. But Simpkins does not visit amongst the upper classes, and the parsons and doctors ought to be men who could be received.

L. Oh, yes ; I see a prophet has no honour in his own country ; but perhaps he might be allowed to show that he has brains in a new country.

Squire, slowly retiring, was heard to mutter :

“These fellows are not quite so civil since they got the franchise.”

THE ANTIQUARY.

BY ANTHONY WHITEHEAD, OF REAGILL, NEAR SHAP.

YE strangers that ramble down't Vale of Lyvennet,
To see bonny Nature and breathe the fresh air,
Fra the spring at Black Dub a't way down to the Eden
There's seines interesting, romantic, and rare.

Westward fra the Dub 'bout a cannon-shot distance
There's cromlecks an' cairns full of auld Celtic baynes ;
A temple where't Druids sang prayers to the plannets,
Set aw arround wi' a circle o' staynes.

An' in times leayter still, when the Romans reayde foray,
An' meayde a new wroad as they crossed ouer the fell,
May be seen to this day, near the black dub ye find it,
An' if you dispute me ga see for yoursel'.

There's many quere places a't way doon the valley,
An' Hamelets or toons where the Brittans did dwell ;
There's traces o' some to be seen in t' Lang-deayle,
But men, farther larn'd, their origin may tell.

Crosby Kirk, of auld standing, next claims oor attention,
Wi' awe an' wi' reverence oor minds for to fill ;
Flass House is a feature 'at ought to be mentioned,
An' Addison's birthplace on Meaburn Hill.

But the main pleayce I wish to point out to your notice
 Is Reagill, where yance leev'd the fam'd Thomas Bland,
 An' auld antiquary, cramfull o' queer notions
 As any you'll find in the length o' the land.

He kent a' the history o' t' world's creation,
 Fra t' making of Adam to t' birth o' Tom Thumb ;
 He tell't us the earth's composition was gasses,
 An' fowak meayde of air seayme as a baloon.

He talk'd about metals being fused by eruption,
 An' how they were melted like souder or tin ;
 He kent aw the strata of rock fra the surface
 Aw t' way doon to the boiling het fluid within.

He scabbl'd off shells fra the hard rock o' limestone,
 An' sed they'd been fishes, some thousand years sen ;
 He was crack'd, that's a cartainty, out of aw question,
 To think of imposing o' sensible men.

Then sec a collection of rubbish an' kelder,
 Auld things 'at he tell't us the Brittans yance meayde ;
 Bits o' spears, meayde o' flint, broken millstones and trinkums,
 Sec a cargo o' kelder, a decent ship-leayde.

Gang when you would, between sunrise an' setting,
 You'd find him in't garden, or else in his den,
 Where he spent aw his time wi' his mell an' his chisel,
 His paint-brush an' canvas or scetch-book an' pen.

He wad travel ten mile, wi' a sketch-bewke in nap-sack,
To draw some auld shield 'at he might wish to see ;
An' than fra the dots, cross lines, an' the shap on't,
He wad spin oot a yarn of their lang pedigree ;

An' tell who's it was, whether duke, lord, or baron,
An' how they behaved when they went a crusade ;
Or, if 'twas a she 'at the shield had belanged tul,
He could tell ye at yance if sh'd deed an auld maid.

He'd creatures of aw macks stuck up in his garden,
Fra a Hippotamus to Whittington's cat ;
Lions, dogs, deevils, wild boars, an' teayme eagles,
Beats Wombwell's Managery hollow an' flat.

There's Addison, Cæsar, St. George, an' Hugh Miller,
Poet Burns, an' lots mair, I forgotten their neayms ;
An' busts o' girt men fra aw parts o' the world,
An' some in the meun, I dare say, hed their heayms.

In the cauld days o' winter he set on a fire
In a grate like a helmet, stuck in a w'hole ;
A shield for his shovel, a sword for his poker,
And an Indian tomahawk split the girt-cwoal.

He pay'd equal respect to a bewk-larn'd beggar,
A hawker, a squire, a duke, or a lord ;
If they talk'd about science or tell't a good stowry
He grappled it aw, without missing a word.

Tho' a wreck of the former, 'tis still interesting,
An' the owner will give you admission quite free ;
Sea, if you be strangers, don't fear you'll be welcome,
If you come up to Reagill, the Garden to see.

CHAPTER XII.

IN this county real property, for the most part, consists of customary freeholds of inheritance, held according to the custom of the manor, the tenant having a freehold interest, but not a freehold tenure. It is conveyed by sale and admittance. There are various statutes for voluntary enfranchisement of land, and affecting the rights of widows to the inheritance in land in case of the husband dying intestate. In parts of the East and West Wards the widow has half, in others a third of her husband's customary estate; but there is always an heir-at-law, and no heriots are claimed. Heriots are claimed in some places where the widow has a life interest in land. The word is from the Saxon *hereward*, "here," an army yat or gate; "ward," a march or expedition. In some places parcel heriots are claimed, especially on the borders between England and Scotland, for every

parcel of land acquired to the original estate. Thus we see an evident injustice to claim for work ceased to be done, as Border raids and warfare are things of the past ; therefore the lords of the manor are not under obligation to serve as guardians of the peace. In Queen Elizabeth's Survey, in the 16th year of her reign, of the Richmond Fee, Kendal Barony, "on the death of the tenant the lord is to have the best beast the tenant died seized of, in the name of the heriot." In the reign of King James I. this was confirmed. Upon the death of a tenant, leaving a widow behind him, an heriot shall be paid, for which she is to enjoy her husband's customary estates, during her widowhood only. Dr. Burn says in all antiquity we have not met with more than one heriot paid by one person. On the contrary, the second best horse was due to the Church, and was carried by the name of mortuary or corse (corpse) present, being carried before the corps (corpse) and delivered to the priest at the place of sepulture.

Besides rent, fines, heriots, suit of court, and the like dependencies, there were likewise *boons*, which vary in several manors as to pay : a farm hen or capon, to plough, harrow, mow, reap, carry coals, to repair

well the lord's mill-race, and such like. But to prevent endless altercations, fines, boons, and presents have been reduced to money payments and fixed rents, and in others the estate is enfranchised.

It appears that in the manor of Ravenstonedale the widow has the peculiar privileges of possession previously alluded to. All lands at the Conquest were said to be held of the king, who gave to 629 Norman knights, at the Roll of Battle Abbey, all lands in England, after despoiling the Saxon owners, many of whom were reduced to slavery. The grievances instituted then as military service continued to the time of Charles II., when all tenures of honours, manors, lands, &c., were turned into free and common soccage. The latter term, which was used to denote leasehold, was land held by the ceorl (whence our word churl), who was a countryman or artizan, and who was a freeman. They were called sockmen, literally ploughmen; the soc, ploughshare; and their lands, socklands. Some lands in the neighbourhood of Warcop are so designated, but known now by the modernized term of *stockings*, which, as sock is a form of stocking, is

easily derivable. When a ceorl had acquired five hides of land, a large house, courtyard, and bell to call in his servants, he was promoted to the rank of thane of the lowest class, similar to the barons or earls of modern times.

The ancient tenure of land in this country was by homage, fealty, and cornage. The latter was knights' service, and included wardship, marriage, and relief. Homage, from the Latin *homo*, a man. By it a man was bound to be faithful to his lord, even at the risk of life and freedom. Fealty was almost the same thing, but he was a free tenant, and although giving assistance as in time of war, he was not obliged to kneel. It is taken from the Latin *fidelitas*, fidelity. Cornage was peculiar to the Border service against the Scots, and hornegeld and noutegeld, or noltgeld, were synonymous terms. They were annual payments of horned cattle, and the contributions of live stock was used to furnish food for the Border castles, for we find in the reign of Henry II. that under the Anglo-Saxon term of noutegeld is signified a cow-tax. Scutage, Latin *scuta*, a shield, whereby payment of a tax was levied instead of personal service against the Scots, when garrisons and troops were

maintained by the Border lords and landed proprietors as safeguards against the frequent Border inroads. These taxes, as arbitrary fines, quittance, lord's-rent, and other matters, are now levied by the respective lord of each manor, the tenants having at the same time to contribute their quota to imperial taxation. This is freedom of owners of the soil with a vengeance !

One of the species of tenure in Westmoreland is copyhold, which had its origin in the days of serfdom, when there were belonging to each manor a number of families in the vilest servitude, who performed the meanest services, and were held by the lord of the manor as part of his goods and chattels. They could not be transferred to any other master, but might be enfranchised by a deed of manumission (same as the serfs lately freed in Russia). For the support of these families small plots of land, part of which the villeins, as they were called, or vassals, not unfrequently added to their small patches from the unenclosed common, and thus increased their holdings. As the children were born to the same state as their parents, these small farms descended from father to son, until, in time, they obtained a

prescriptive right at common law, and by the constant and immemorial usage of the manor; but as tenants they had nothing to show for these estates but these customs (until they, when money became more plentiful, changed hands by deed), and the admissions, in pursuance of them, entered on the rolls of the Lords' Court, or the *copies* of such witnessed by the steward. They were called tenants by *copy* of Court Roll, and their tenure *copyhold*.

Many tenants on copyholds, *i.e.*, lands held from the superior lord, by admittance at the Lords' Court, on which is a fine at the death of the lord, and alienation of the tenant-owner, amounting in some instances to a year's, and sometimes more, value of the crops on the estate, which is a hindrance to the proper cultivation of the farm, and gives no encouragement as to draining, cropping, &c., because every improvement made by the tenant-owner only increases his liabilities, and renders his ownership both irksome and precarious; in fact, if he purchases an estate in copyhold, he has only, as it were, the good-will of the profits, although he can demise the estate, subject to the fines and exactions set forth and imposed by custom by the Lords' Court on

admittance; and, if he refuses, the land can be forfeited to the lord of the manor. Surely this is a remnant of feudalism which ought not to exist in a country like this, where military service is imperial and substantive taxes are paid by all alike. It is true that a so-called tenant can be enfranchised, but it is an expensive, and frequently an intricate process, from the state of the law, with the reservations, and the composition for the fees of the steward because he loses his profits by enfranchisement of the manor. On the principle of commutation the purchase money should be calculated on a capital sum, with a full discharge of feudal privileges, which ought to render enfranchisement compulsory on every change of tenant.

In looking over this part of the country and examining into the present value of land, it is somewhat surprising how it has increased in value during the last thirty or forty years, in comparison to what it was before that period, when the best land was worth from £35 to £40 per acre, and is now worth about three times that sum; in fact, plots of forty acres that were worth between £300 and £400, less than fifty years ago, have been sold, without any

material alteration of the buildings thereon, for six times its value, say in 1828 and 1868 respectively.

Some 150 years ago money was left to various livings in Westmoreland. Owing to the cheapness of land in the parish of Orton, and free tenure, large plots in this neighbourhood were secured in this way, which are now held by the incumbents of the livings for the time being of Brough, Stainmoor, Great Musgrave, and Bolton; and other estates, for the benefit of schools, were formerly purchased in Orton parish, such as those of Measand, Crosby Ravensworth, &c. The land itself, in some instances, is in tolerable cultivation; in others, water-logged and unimproved, giving an illustration that land under such proprietorship is not always advantageous to swell the production and enhance the value of these investments to the community, or even to the incumbents of livings, or for school purposes.

If a similar state of things hold good to such an extent in other parishes in England, it may be a matter of consideration in the land legislation of the future whether such tenure is of advantage to the nation at large, or otherwise. Tenants of glebes, at least, have no encouragement held out to them by

such landlords, and any claim they may make for unexhausted improvements, I should imagine, is effectually barred by contract. It is also quite likely that these landlords would not object to a compulsory sale by Act of Parliament, and a reinvestment in public funds, which would undoubtedly increase their income, and give them less cause for uneasiness by not having constantly before their eyes the claim to be paid by their successors for dilapidations. The estate most assuredly will be assessed at their demise, in every instance.

The land tenure in Westmoreland is as unsatisfactory in some parts as it is unimpeachable in others; but there is no instance, probably, in which it is more desirable than in those glebes where the land is at a distance from the parsonage, and not immediately occupied by the incumbent.

A short notice may here be given to the measurements in vogue at different times and places. The English standard of 1,760 yards to a mile is not, according to Dr. Burn, the customary measure of this country, which is often the proportion of two computed miles to three measured ones. It has no reference to the Roman mile. Theirs was some-

thing short of the statute measure, according to Mr. Horsley, of about thirteen to fourteen. He further observes, that in most parts of England thirteen computed miles make fourteen in the Itinerary (that is, Roman miles). Near Wales, in the western as well as the northern parts of England, two English computed miles make three Roman. It is nearly the same in Scotland, and in some cross roads. It is a common saying in Scotland, in reply to a question of distance, to say so many miles and a "bittock," the bittock being a *dree* bit to get over. 'Occasionally, about London, and twenty miles around, the miles are nearly equal, or not more than in proportion of one or two in twenty different ("Horsley," pp. 382 and 383). There is also in Westmoreland and Cumberland a mensuration of acres called customary, being 6,760 square yards to the acre, whereas the statute measure is 4,840 square yards, the former being the measure of the Irish plantation acre (Smith's "County Down," p. 7), as if, the land being bad, they give good measure. This probably applies in many instances to the fells in our district, as the mountain ranges are called about here. We speak of fells in the north, and each mountain is

designated by the name of fell. Thus we have Roman Fell, at the foot of which is the Roman road leading from Bowes to Kirkby Thore; Ash Fell, south of Kirkby Stephen; Shap Fell, Cross Fell, and many others. We speak of a fell tempest the same as a fell tyrant, and possibly the word is derived in the first instance from the boisterous and tempestuous weather met on those mountains, designated fells, in this country (*vide* Burn's "History," p. 3). The same author, on the derivation of the word "Able," "Avel," &c., as applied to Appleby, speaking of the word "Apple" as the word likely to be right, in preference to "Aballaba," the Roman station, says that the word devil, in the same way, is drawn from "doer of evil." Many places are well named, if the origin of the name could be traced. We speak of the "hause" near Orton, Greyrigg Hause, and other places of similar name. The word "hause," according to Dr. Burn, may be derived from *Haustus*, Latin for draught, a term in medicine. Places so denominated lead up to high hills, and are, strictly speaking, the gullies or throats to attain the place or more expanded substance of the great body of land beyond.

The proprietors of the lands under the feudal

system provided for the poor, and in the system of tithes it was ordained, when Christianity was introduced into this country, that a tenth part of the produce of the land was to go to the Church, one fourth of which tithe was appropriated to the indigent. This was the state of things when Henry the Eighth suppressed the monasteries, and confiscated their property. These monasteries were not only the seats of learning, but were asylums for the destitute and unfortunate, the decayed, or superannuated servant, the cripple, the widow, and foundling ; but they were also the almoners of the poor ; they served as inns for the wayfaring man, who heard the vesper bell from afar, inviting him to repose and devotion—in the morning he could go on his way rejoicing. By the act of Henry the Eighth, the poor were left in such indigence, that his daughter Elizabeth was led by their dreadful sufferings to impose a poor's-rate on all occupiers of land, houses, and other property. The new Poor Law was passed in 1834. This act has had the effect of increasing in a great measure the self-dependence of the lower classes ; for while they detest the workhouse, the pittance of relief is so small that no person can be

induced to live in idleness upon it. The state of trade on the other hand, has been so benefited by the repeal of the Corn Laws, and an impetus given to the general industry of the country by removing other restrictions to trade, that the latter has advanced in recent times to such extent, that wages are more than quadrupled since the passing of the Poor Law act ; while the spirit of independence has been largely developed by the spread of universal knowledge, from cheap literature, and the various enactments, by shortening the hours of labour, and giving protection to life in mines and factories, as well as by the safeguards to the working classes, which they themselves have originated against want and sickness, by the organization of benefit and kindred societies ; while the spread of education, by salutary enactments, has given an impetus to attaining a standard of religious and moral sentiment, not before capable of being realized by the working population of this country.

The natives of Westmoreland have great privileges in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The fellowships and valuable livings of the old foundations of Queen's College, Oxford, are exclusively

appropriated to the natives of Westmoreland and Cumberland. In the same College there are valuable exhibitions by the Lady Elizabeth Hastings to youths from Appleby and Heversham Schools. The value of the capital and property of the various charities in this county, may be estimated at £130,000, producing about £5,600 per annum.

“Westmoreland was one of the two counties in England which furnished an hereditary sheriff, but on the death of the last Earl of Thanet, without direct issue, the office fell into abeyance, and the sheriffs are now elected as in other counties, from the magistrates. The shrievalty of Westmoreland was held by the Countess of Pembroke, the descendant of the Cliffords, and the ancestor of the last Earl of Thanet. She sat on the bench, and entertained the judges, and in other respects sustained the office with great dignity. She was a woman of great spirit and enlightenment, and memories of her generosity and benevolence exist in many parts of the county. In the ancient church of Appleby, restored recently, is to be seen the coat of arms and monument to perpetuate her memory. And the castle at the top of the hill, occupied by

Lord Hothfield, contains interesting mementoes of the times in which she lived.”¹

Domesday Book is the record of the value and kind of property, which William the Conqueror, in 1086, being the twentieth year of his reign, ordered to be compiled within six months from every county or shire in England, except the four northern counties — Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland ; these latter counties had incurred the displeasure of the Conqueror. Fifteen years before, the citizens of York and Durham massacred the Norman garrison, and in retaliation William ordered the country, from the Humber to the Tyne, to be devastated by fire and sword. The order was executed, and for half a century after the land was waste and uncultivated. The desert so made was considered worthless — left to turmoil, without law, and without care from its conquerors, so that they thought it unworthy of notice. The Domesday Book was compiled by the aid of the sheriffs, lords of manors, presbyters of churches, the reeves (or overseers), the bailiffs, and six villeins

¹ Vide Hodgson's "History of Cumberland and Westmoreland."

out of every village or hundred; who held a court, presided over by monks and priests, as being then the only people who could read and write, which they did in Latin. They had to find out who held so many hides of land, as was held in the time of Edward the Confessor, and who held it now, *i.e.*, in 1086; how many carucates (or plough-gates) there were in demesne preserved, or in the lord's own hand; how many vassals, how many villeins, cottars, serfs, freemen, tenants in socage (hereditary right); how much wood, meadow, pasture land, mills, fish-ponds; the gross value in Edward the Confessor's time and now. This Survey was completed in five months; the Book or transcripts from it were lodged in the Chapter House of Westminster, and is now in the Record Office, bound and preserved, being written on vellum, or calf-skin, to this day. Its name is supposed to have been taken from *Domus Dei*, being preserved in the House of God. The hides of land referred to are supposed to mean a hundred and twenty acres, or as much as could be ploughed and managed by a team of oxen. This is now the popular belief. There is no name attached to the Domesday Book. Some copies, supposed to

be the originals from which the book was compiled, have been evidently kept in the counties, from which the transcripts in the Book were made. The Domesday Book is in two volumes, easily legible, but contracted in its description. It is, however, the basis of what has ever since been of history as regards the Government and Justice of the kingdom, as regards land and hereditary right. The first volume is of 382 pages ; the second volume of 450, of larger written characters, and deals with Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk only. In them, however, we get a concise account of the history of the times, as regards barons, thanes, freemen and freewomen, socmen or freeholders, villeins or churls, serfs or theows—their means of existence, their culture of the land, fisheries, mining, salt-making, and the enormous power of the Church in those days.

Westmoreland, although a small county, containing, according to the census of 1881, about 63,000 inhabitants, is almost entirely cut in two by the Cumberland range of mountains, of which High Street, near Mardale, on the one side, and Staveley on the other, is about the centre. This range on the north, terminates just beyond Kirkstone Pass—

the only route from the westward *viâ* Patterdale ; from Ullswater to Windermere, *viâ* Ambleside. On the south, the high range of Shap Fells, continuing from Mardale to Jeffrey Mount, south of Tebay, constitute a natural division or barrier between the two halves of the county, the more populous of the two being that in which the disenfranchised borough of Kendal is situate, which, together with Lonsdale Ward, constitutes the Kendal Union. On the west of the county, in the other, or what is now called the Appleby division, are the East and West Wards. To make up the difference in population, so as to equalize it better for political purposes, the Ambleside and Windermere polling district commences at the township of Under Mill Beck, and including it, is added to the Appleby division, the only route being by Kirkstone Pass out of the West Ward, or by rail *viâ* Kendal. There was, however, no other alternative but to add to the Appleby division the Lake district of Westmoreland, to give equality of population, and even then the Kendal Ward or division has about 1500 more within its borders, Appleby being the old county town. Before the Reform Act of 1832, it sent two members to Parliament, the most renowned of whom

was the celebrated William Pitt, who became Prime Minister soon after his election, his political opponent being the celebrated Fox. Appleby has been deprived of its gaol, although Quarter Sessions and Assizes are still held in the ancient Court Houses, the former for county business only, and thence by adjournment to Kendal, where the prisoners are tried; and the gaol at Kendal—once an House of Correction only—is now the only prison in the county. The inhabitants are mostly engaged in agriculture in the East and West Wards, chiefly in rearing and grazing cattle, and in the production of butter, for which the district is famous. There were at one time tanneries at Kirkby Stephen and Temple Sowerby, as well as a woollen mill at the former place; and now a small business is done at Coupland Beck, in the manufacture of coarse and other woollen goods. The lead mines of Dufton used to give employment to a good many people, but these, as well as a small mine in Mallerstang, are not now worked; and with the exception of the granite works on Shap Fell, the slate quarries of Langdale, and a small mine in Patterdale, agriculture is now the sole employment of the inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN Westmoreland, the Quakers, from the very beginning of the movement, were strong both in numbers and in zeal. The spirituality of the system seemed to have a special charm for the dwellers in these northern dales, which only received a new zest from a persecution that insulted their independence. Religion with them was something more than intellectual eclecticism ; it was a power that mastered their whole being, and even manifested itself in the physical symptoms, from which their name was derived. The colony in the Kendal district was the most numerous ; but in Ravenstonedale, too, there was a far from contemptible band, and if it lacked something in numbers, it by no means fell short in the fervour or persistency of its attachment to the common cause.

The first powerful awakening that the North

received, was from the lips of George Fox. He was attracted to the Yorkshire border of Westmoreland by the gathering at Sedbergh for the servant-hiring fair, and spent no inconsiderable portion of the year 1652 within the county. With that visit are connected many conversions, pregnant with results in the near future. Edward Burrough, "the son of thunder," who was to be snatched away before his prime; John Audland, so amiable and so comely; John Camm of Camsgil, who gave up all his prospects, "man of wealth" though he was, "and rising rapidly in the world;" Miles Halhead; Richard Hubberthorne; Francis Howgill, the clergyman who gained for Fox a fair hearing in that first scene; with many another of the earlier missionaries, yielded to the spell of religious zeal at that time.

In the following year, Fox returned to the North, and, after speaking a few words of encouragement to the Friends of Westmoreland, passed on towards Carlisle. But the spirit of persecution was abroad, and, after claiming a few victims in the sister county, was soon to cross the border, and glut itself with imprisonment and death in Appleby and Kendal gaols. At Carlisle, Fox was flung into prison "as

a blasphemer, a heretic, and a seducer ; ” and so venomous was the antipathy to his views, that even the high sheriff, “ Wilfrey Lawson,” as Fox calls him, forgetting the impartiality due to his office, “ stirred them much up to take away my life, and said he would guard me to my execution himself.” Not even acquittal by the court could satisfy the sheriff’s thirst for blood ; and with brutal malignity he bade a gaoler detain in custody men who had been declared guiltless, until they should “ pay their fees or rot.”

Fox’s departure was closely followed by the arrival of Naylor, who, on being driven out of Kendal by a turbulent mob, found head-quarters for a time at Orton. But the clergy incited the people to violence ; a son of one of the clergymen led them on ; Naylor’s house was stormed, and he himself seized by the throat, dragged into a field before a justice of the peace, and after summary and tumultuous proceedings, sent to prison to await his trial. For twenty weeks he was immured in the foetid cells of Appleby Gaol, and then—thanks to the clement and conciliatory spirit of Mr. Pearson—a magistrate who was afterwards induced to join the Quaker

fraternity — he was acquitted of the charge of blasphemy, and set free.

Such, however, was not the attitude of the majority of the magistrates. In 1660 the chronicler records how eight heads of families “were all taken from their own houses by order from Captain John Lowther . . . and committed to prison,” because conscience forbade them, in avowing their loyalty, to take an oath. Sir Daniel Flemming, too, of Rydal Hall, James Duckett of Grayrigg, and Sir Philip Musgrave, joined heartily in the persecution. Flemming was the deviser of subtle snares to entrap the Quakers into the meshes of the law; and so thorough was the detestation in which he was held, that Musgrave acknowledged, when attempting to bias the Judge of Assize, “some of the Quakers being sent to prison, one of them died there; and they carried his corpse through the country, and set this paper on the coffin: ‘This is the body of such an one, who was persecuted by Daniel Flemming to death.’” Duckett was a bitter, uncompromising, and mean-spirited foe; Lowther a rigid exactor of the last farthing that the law allowed; and Musgrave “a violent man . . . who endeavoured to incense

the judges," and whose bitter jests sank deep into the Quakers' hearts.

If such was the tone of the justices even in the presence of the judges, if even the dispassionate calmness of Judge Turner had no power to shame them into a dignified demeanour, it is easy to understand their virulence when unrestrained. Quakers throughout the county fell under their persecuting scourge; and amongst many victims, Orton and Ravenstonedale furnished not a few.

"John Dickinson of Grayrigg was several times imprisoned and put to more than £10 charge for not paying tithes." The names Atkinson and Barwick, Moser and Ayrey, appear time after time in the records of the court. "From Anthony Bownass of Shap, for fines of £2 15s. for himself and others, they took two kine, one steer and a little heifer, worth about £7." Thomas Atkinson of Orton had to forfeit some of his goods and lands. Clarkson, Pindar, and Robinson, all of Ravenstonedale, lost goods worth £4 12s., and lands of the yearly value of £2. John Holme and John Fawcett of Orton were also fined. Thomas Moore of Newbiggin paid heavily for his presence at a conventicle. And

altogether over 150 persons were prosecuted under ancient laws, and many more for refusal to pay tithes towards a church in which they had no communion.

Passing on some few years, we find Thomas Scott of Newbiggin an earnest preacher in the Quaker cause; whilst John and Alice Alderson of Ravenstonedale seem to have been gifted with greater energy than the rest; both were active ministers, and Alice journeyed through Scotland and Ireland, and even so far as America, to advocate the principles of her sect.

But head and shoulders above all these, alike from the variety of his sufferings, the length of his days, and the influence that he wielded through life, stands that hero of Westmoreland Quakers, George Whitehead. Born in the parish of Orton about the year 1635, he was, in the words of the historian, "trained up to learning, and though but a youth, instructed others in literature, and continued in that calling some time after he came to be convinced of the Truth." The serious bent of his mind showed itself from the very first. He loved retirement, he tells us, "with some other studious scholars, though

but mean and poor in the world, rather than the company of loose, extravagant boys, though of the gentry or richer sort, who were given to much play." His parents resided at Sunbiggin, and their ancestors had lived there for centuries. Two other branches of the family were located at Kelleth and Raisbeck. He was sent to school at Blencoe in Cumberland, at that time the leading school of the north. He was marked out by his parents for a university career, and ultimately the Church. But whatever the ambitious hopes of his parents, a conscience morbidly sensitive barred the way. He noted the contrast between priestly professions and priestly lives; he even scrupled to give utterance in church to the self-confident outbursts of the Psalmist; and about the age of seventeen he openly joined the despised body whose champion and leader destiny intended him to be.

For upwards of two years he tortured himself with doubt; "vain thoughts, imaginations, and wanderings of mind became a suffering and a burthen" to him; but as he thought of God's mercy, "the sense hereof did soften, break, and tender" his heart; and then "a weighty concern came upon" him "to

leave his father's house and county of Westmoreland." The breach with his parents seems to have been a great grief to him; but it had to be faced. "Yet my parents and relations had great natural affection and care in their way for me; for when they appeared most opposite and offended (which was a near trial to me) . . . their trouble and grief came more from their priest's influencing them . . . and fear of my misfortune or losing preferment in the world, than either from any prejudice against me or my religious persuasion."

He travelled southwards on his missionary tour, and made for the district of the thriving manufactures in the Eastern Counties. There his sufferings at once began; and even if by leaving his home he escaped from the domineering of a Lowther, the sinister malignity of a Flemming, or the vindictive petulance of a Musgrave, it was only to encounter persecution similar to theirs from the intolerant magnates of the South. Time after time he was flung into prison by men who were judges and prosecuting counsel in one; any plea sufficed—blasphemy, or absence of visible means of subsistence; even refusal to remove his hat in court—a

liberty which the king himself permitted — was twisted into contempt. Unmerciful lashings, until the very people sickened and cried out “Hold”; insults and buffetings; violence, and even threats of branding; such formed the administration of the law; and all this, although, as the chronicle tells, “people admired to see a young man so well habited and on so good a horse, passed as a vagrant.”

For three years he endured such a life, and then, on his return to the North, was received as a prodigal son, with “great joy and kindness” by his parents. His mother and a sister became converts, and his father always observed a benevolent neutrality to the Quaker views. Much of his time was spent in visiting friends; he rode over to Margaret Fells at Swarthmore; he often preached at Pardshaw Crag, and to judge from his words in later life, the memory of the country was often a solace to him in the hour of trial. “Although,” he says, in telling his own story, “we were confined to a noisome common ward and strait stinking yard, yet the Lord by His power so sanctified the confinement to me, that I had great peace, comfort, and sweet solace, and was sometimes transported and wrapt up in spirit, as if

in a pleasant field, having the fragrant scent and sweet smell of flowers and things growing therein, though I was not in an ecstasy or trance, my senses being affected therewith ; so that the Lord made bitter things sweet unto me, and hardships easy."

But much as he loved his northern home, duty called him away ; for beneath his kindly nature lay a stern inflexibility of conscientious resolve. He returned again to the advanced and populous districts of England, and engaged once more in his busy, practical pursuits.

The severity of his life, the simplicity of his garb, his frugal table, his innocent frankness, his tenderness to little children, his kindness to the sick, and the vigour and earnestness that glowed through his every word, won for him the love and admiration of all who knew him well. But it required other qualities than these to gain for him so rapidly the predominance that he now acquired. At the age of twenty-four we already find him the spokesman of his sect before Parliament and in Committee, and pleading against the folly and iniquity of the Clarendon code. It was his imperturbable temper ; his readiness in repartee ; his clear-headed logic,

which was so patent in his public disputations with professors at Cambridge and Westminster; his accurate knowledge of the law; his intelligent acquaintance with history and precedent; and above all his eloquence, that made him, while yet a mere stripling, a leader among the Friends. Perhaps, too, it was his dogged courage, his refusal to yield to the coarse brutality of the gaolers, and his determination to endure the loathsome severities of a prison life, jarring though they were to his sensitive nature, that still further increased the respect in which he was held.

A few months later, he was dragged roughly out of the pestilential ward where his friends, Burrough and Hubberthorne, had already fallen a prey to disease and death, in order to meet a trumped-up charge of complicity in the Kaber Rigg Plot. The plot was of Westmoreland origin, he was a Westmoreland man; the pretext was obvious; and he was hurried off to the Tower. However, nothing of a tangible or even of a suspicious nature could be proved; so his life was spared, and he was relegated once more to the felon's cell.

For twelve years the Quakers were exposed to

all the fury of a rampant church—twelve years thronging with events of importance to the Quaker world. Whitehead himself came in for a full share of imprisonment and fine. In the winter of 1654 he had been imprisoned at Norwich, and, in company with other Quakers, had lodged “upon the bare boards on the floor in his wearing clothes, and little covering besides; and there they lodged for eight weeks together in the cold winter.” In the next year, he had been at Bury St. Edmunds, where the gaoler, the turnkey, and the prisoners, had all combined in maltreating them. The gaoler was a Presbyterian preacher, and therefore felt it his duty to repress the Quakers, whilst their protests against the drunkenness, which he encouraged amongst the prisoners for his private gain—being a tapster by trade—still further increased his religious enthusiasm. He allowed the prisoners to kick and strike the Quakers, and when the violence of one of them seemed likely to lead to murder, in the man’s hearing he said, “Let him do what he will.” “Thus,” says George Whitehead, “we were daily abused, beaten on the face and noses, pulled and bruised, till the blood has gushed out, kicked and threatened to be

killed." In 1656 he was in the stocks at Saffron Walden, and flogged at Nayland. In 1658, after his return from the North, he was imprisoned at Ipswich until the Protector's death. Though political difficulties in the following two years saved him from imprisonment, the populace at Peterborough and other towns placed his life in imminent peril. During the next twelve years the same brutal persecution went on. In 1661 he was again an inmate of Norwich Castle. He speaks of it as "a very incommodious habitation and lodging room, for want of a chimney, and having an old, decayed stone arch over it. The rain came so much in upon us, that we could not keep it off our beds, though we set dishes or basins to keep off what we could. In the cold of winter we burnt a little charcoal in evenings, which we found somewhat injurious and suffocating, having no chimney to vent the smoke or steam thereof. . . . Though the recess, or hole in the wall, was so poor and incommodious as it was, we chose it for our lodging, partly for the ease of our other friends, who were too much crowded in a better room below."

In 1662, during one of his imprisonments in

Newgate, he displayed his accustomed magnanimity, and it was no doubt the spirit that prompted his action then, that won the affection of his fellow-sufferers throughout his life. "So many of us," he says in his "Christian Progress," "were crowded together, both in that called the Justice Hall side and in the Chapel side of the prison, that we were hard put to it for lodging room. The Chapel was on the top of Newgate, where many Friends lay in hammocks crowded; and Richard Hubberthorne and I lay on a small pallet-bed, in a little hole or closet behind the chapel, and opening into it, so as the breath and steam of those that lay next us (in the chapel) came much upon us. *We chose to lodge on the chapel side, for the encouragement of many of the poorer sort of friends* who were there, and that they might not be offended or troubled (as we thought they might) if we had taken up our lodging among the richer sort of our friends, on Justice Hall side."

Often during this period he was summoned before Sir Richard Brown at the Old Bailey. On one occasion he records how, as a Friend was speaking in court, "the said Sir Richard Brown in derision, began to sing 'Ha' you any kitchen-stuff, maids?"

Ha' you any kitchen-stuff, maids? Hey, Wall-fleet oysters, will you buy any Wall-fleet oysters? Will you buy any Wall-fleet oysters?' And he tuned it out much like the women that cry kitchen-stuff and Wall-fleet oysters up and down the streets of London. I thought it a very strange indecent behaviour for a Justice of Peace . . . ; but this showed how, in this persecuting spirit, a principal persecutor triumphed in his own iniquity and gloried in his shame."

In 1664 "a company of soldiers, with muskets and lighted matches in their hands, rushed into" a meeting at Horsleydown, "and before they came into the inner door, one of them fired a musket, and two of them violently pulled George Whitehead down, . . . and George Whitehead asking them to show their warrant for what they did, a soldier held up his musket over his head, and said that was his warrant." For preaching at this meeting he was imprisoned for three months.

CHAPTER XIV.

Apropos of this, the record says that Whitehead and others "were thrust in among the felons, who searched their pockets and took away what money they found from several of them, being therein encouraged by the keeper. Besides, the ward itself was such a nasty stinking hole, and so crowded with felons and women that lay among them, that the friends having nothing to sit or lie on, were obliged when weary to sit down on the floor among the vermin . . . by the prisoners urine, in a place that stank grievously." The gaolers thought nothing of appropriating their food, and even some of their clothes; whilst the use of bodily violence, towards men who never struck in return, was too general to require particular record, and too secure to be checked by fear.

In 1668 he again found himself in the same prison,

though in better quarters and for a shorter term. During the next year he was free from any judicial interference with his work. But in 1670 one of his meetings was again disturbed, and he himself dragged before Sir Joseph Sheldon at the Guildhall.

All this exposure and maltreatment seriously affected his health. Three times he was laid low with ague and fever, and on two occasions his friends gave up all hope. After one of these attacks he paid a short visit to his home in the North, but on news of the outbreak of the plague in London, felt impelled to go there for the succour of the distressed. Throughout that historic time, he laboured unremittingly among the Friends; it was he for whom they all asked when the hour of death drew nigh, and all seemed to look to him as their comforter and guide. It might have been thought that national panic would mitigate somewhat the ferocity of persecution. But it was not so, and Whitehead, when leaving home on Sunday morning, always took his nightcap with him, in readiness for gaol; or, if there was a momentary pause, such hesitation on behalf of "God and the king" was speedily repaired.

In 1670 he was thrice before the Magistrates of London, being fined over £60 in all, a sum which at that time would have purchased a herd of thirty kine. On one occasion he showed his legal acumen to remarkable effect, and, although it did not avail him in the judgment, no impartial reader can fail to award him a dialectical victory. In the same year he married for the first time. His wife had been one of the most beloved of all the women Friends; she was the first to speak at public gatherings, the most constant and discriminating in her charity, and, although somewhat older than George Whitehead himself, proved the most suitable wife he could have had.

But before this an event had occurred which was of great significance for the growing society. In 1668, Penn, the future Governor of Pennsylvania, joined them. He and Whitehead soon became intimate friends, for there was much that was common to their natures, and in six years we find them publishing a folio, entitled "The Christian Quaker," which they had jointly composed. This, however, was not Whitehead's only work; he was a prolific writer, and his ever-active brain seemed to find

repose from the whirl of ordinary life in the animated controversies of a pamphleteer. Over one hundred and thirty of his writings are extant, and their size is as various as their subject matter. From folio to octavo, and from octavo to the modest handbill, only balanced the wide range from theological or legal controversy to the ephemeral exhortation or rebuke. Rogers composed his "Rhyming Scourge" with which to lash this Churchman's foe; whilst Bugg, the most persistent of his opponents, wrote book upon book. The intricacies of their argument have little interest now, save to the antiquarian mind, nor is there much literary satisfaction to be derived from its perusal. The force and lucidity of Whitehead's style found an opponent of unworthy calibre in a man who could bring his book to a close with the following indifferent lines :

" Come rouse, old George, and either quite condemn
Your errors great, or else the same defend."

The year 1672 is one of engrossing interest to the historical student. Every schoolboy knows (to use Macaulay's phrase) that then Charles II., by his Declaration of Indulgence, began the subtle plot

against political liberty that was so nearly brought to success. At that time over four hundred Quakers were in prison on conscientious grounds, and, in spite of the Declaration, it was a matter of some difficulty to procure their release. Whitehead wrote a letter to the King which he induced an influential friend to deliver, and soon afterwards he was admitted to an audience in Council. He was accompanied by a friend, Thomas Moor, whose futile and pig-headed obstinacy was nearly being the wreck of the interview. Misunderstanding the distinction between legal and moral offences, he declined a free pardon for what he did not believe to be wrong, and had not Whitehead with politic tact come to the rescue, Moor would have been the ruin of their cause.

But even when the order for release was obtained, it was no light task to carry through the matter to the end. Legal difficulties cropped up on every side. Finch, the Attorney-General, was only moderately amenable, and, although Judge Hale with kindly consideration proffered Whitehead every help, it would have been a long time before his imprisoned friends came out had it not been for his personal

activity and exertion. He obtained a special order from the King for a reduction of fees, and, although that had raised the opposition of officials, he spurred them on night and day. Then, having once got hold of the bulky document, he himself went post haste from sheriff to sheriff until all his friends were out of gaol.

But within two years that Declaration had been withdrawn. A parliament, that was loyal to its Church before its King, could not brook a use of the prerogative for such an object. For the rest of this reign, therefore, persecution was resumed, and in fact, by 1680 the number of prisoners had grown so vast that Whitehead was once more moved to appeal to the King. Yet, though the King's subtle charm of manner and good-natured words seemed hopeful, nothing was done. "We were sensible," he says, in his autobiography, "that the King at that time (as I have known him at several others) was touched in his conscience, and somewhat tenderly affected, . . . but some persons about or near him were not our friends and had too much influence upon him."

Hardly two months had elapsed before Whitehead was himself in gaol. The scene was laid in Norwich,

and it was the occasion of perhaps the most magnificent of all his trials. The Recorder was intent upon conviction, varied the proper procedure, and tried to bully the prisoner into damaging confessions. But it was of no avail ; Whitehead stood his ground with resolute coolness, insisted time after time upon his legal rights, and finally extorted from the borough magistrates an acknowledgment that his demands were right. The Recorder gained nothing in argument from a man who could quote extensively from Dalton's text book and the Institutes of Coke, who could compare statute with statute, and refer with pertinent suggestiveness to cases in former reigns. Confessing himself baffled, with the remark, " I perceive that you are read," he yet persisted in his arbitrary course. Certificates had been sent from London to testify that the prisoner was " a man in good repute, and esteemed a man of competent estate." But, overriding both equity and the law, he sent the prisoners to gaol.

From his cell, Whitehead penned some weighty arguments for the perusal of the magistracy. A man who can, while in prison and without the means of reference, cite legal maxims, reproduce the very

words of Magna Charta and the Petition of Right, give extracts from eight legal text books, and quote from or refer to about thirty statutes, is no mean antagonist. He showed by admirable reasoning that the procedure and the judgment were alike indefensible. The Earl of Yarmouth and other gentlemen of the district intervened on his behalf, but, although the Recorder was removed, his sentence was carried out.

Four times within the next three years Whitehead renewed his personal solicitations to the King. On one occasion, Charles, waiving the etiquette of Court, permitted him to stand with covered head, and with his usual penetration urged that the distinctive customs of the Quakers were mere affectation, and that, as for the use of "thee" and "thou," the occurrence of the words in the Bible was due rather to the caprice of the translators than to any significance in the words. At another time he was in the park at Hampton Court when Whitehead came, and, with the exception of allowing an usher to remove his guest's hat and hang it upon the palings, was as gracious as before. Yet the characteristic flippancy of the remark, "Can't your friends *swear themselves*

out of prison ? ” must have been rather shocking to a rigid moralist. In their last interview the monarch’s pettish and impatient mood showed that his health was breaking and his end was near.

With the accession of James II., Dissent in England seemed to have a fresh chance. A man of stronger character and more stubborn will than Charles, it was he who had devised the plan of 1672, and when, as king, he took up the broken thread, one agent towards his acquisition of arbitrary power was to be the support of grateful Dissenters. A seemingly permanent toleration was to be the lure that led to a sacrifice of political power. In the guilelessness of his heart Whitehead was entrapped ; he paid many visits to the palace, and was thoroughly imposed on by the ingenuous manner of James. Even so direct a reference as this : “ You have a right to election of Members of Parliament ; I would have your friends to have a care that they do not give their voices to such as are against liberty of conscience,” did not excite his suspicion. The political ignorance of the Quakers, their adhesion to the principle of universal toleration, and the trust of his friend Penn in Charles, who had broached the

scheme; may all be urged in extenuation of the Quaker leader. But credulity so gross amounts almost to a political crime, and, had it not been for the reckless folly of James and the keener wisdom of the other sects, the day of freedom might have been long postponed.

The "glorious Revolution," however, drove James into exile, and from the accession of William III., the era of domestic peace, recuperation, and repose, may be said to date. To the Quakers this meant toleration, in company with the rest; and after Whitehead had impressed the King with the analogy between the Quakers and the Menists whom his grandsire had absolved from the necessity of oaths, that stumbling-block of offence was partially removed.

But ere this, Whitehead had utilized the pliancy of James to strike a blow at the informers who were his bane. A Commission was issued to inquire into this social scandal, and so conclusive and overpowering was the evidence that Whitehead collected, that in utter weariness the Commissioners declared that they knew enough to make their report.

With the advent of toleration the days of stirring

romance were fled. George, with his young wife (his second), whom he had married in 1688, spent a life uneventful to the outer eye, but full of those unostentatious acts which lend beauty to an unselfish life. From time to time he visited the Court to present a petition or to read an address. He pleaded before Parliament, and argued out Bills in Committee. He joined in sending a salutation to Peter the Great when he came to England ; he read an address to Queen Anne, and headed a deputation to King George. But there was little or nothing to disturb the even tenour of his declining years. As the years passed over his head he continued persistent in his work, and although, as strength failed him, his position became that of Nestor, not Achilles, yet his name was a potent influence still, and in his life he received all the tributes of honour and respect which a grudging posterity has since been slow to award.

He was by nature a man of fine presence, but as time wore on and the consciousness of responsibility added lustre to his natural grace, the dignity inherent in old age made him doubly grand. He was venerated as the hero of struggles that were past, the achiever of that liberty which the Quakers now

enjoyed, and, as he rested at the end of a long life of toil, he so towered over the younger generation, that he seemed in very deed, what in their gratitude they named him, the “father” of their sect.

In youth his fervent earnestness had sometimes made him aggressive beyond the limit of a nice courtesy. But whatever may have been his boyish crudities, the mellowing hand of time brought maturer wisdom, and in old age he had a temper gentle, endearing, and happy, forgiving even Hilton the informer, by whom he had been cruelly wronged; loving to all his sect; careful to prevent and diligent in composing differences; tender-hearted and full of sympathy that at times broke all bounds. The quaint pathos of his sermon over Dinah Johnson, the maid who died of a broken heart, is sufficient in itself to tell the tale.

For some years he lived on whilst the Society was established in security and peace, and then, full of years and honour, he was gathered to his fathers, and buried in Bunhill Fields on January 13, 1722-23, In the funeral oration it was recorded that “he was one of the most able ministers of the Gospel in our day; he was not only a zealous contender for and

assertor of the true faith and doctrine . . . in a sound and intelligible testimony, but also was valiant and skilful in the defence thereof, against adversaries and opposers of the same; and one who through a long course of many days was careful to adorn the doctrine of our holy profession by a circumspect life and godly conversation. Being thus qualified, and of a meek and peaceable disposition, he was had in good esteem amongst most sorts of people that were acquainted with him, which tended much to the opening his way in his public service for truth, and frequent solicitations unto several kings and parliaments, bishops and great men of this our land, for the relief of our suffering friends; in which labour of love and eminent services . . . this our dear friend was principally exercised. . . . We may truly say he was a tender father in the Church, and, as such, was of great compassion, sympathizing with friends under affliction, whether in body or mind; a diligent visitor of the sick, and labouring to comfort the mourning soul; careful to prevent and diligent in composing differences. . . . Dear friends, much more might we say on behalf of this our dear deceased friend; an elder worthy of double honour; but it is not with

us to give large encomiums of the dead ; we have rather chose to give but short hints of some of the Christian virtues and qualifications he was endued withal, believing there is a witness in the hearts of many yet remaining that doth testify for him, and his faithful labours and service in his day."

We have lingered over this career, not longer than it deserves, but longer perhaps than Whitehead's absence from Orton might seem to justify in parish "Reminiscences." But, after all, he was the greatest, not merely of Orton, but of Westmoreland Friends ; and from the time of his death the Quakers of this parish have not made much stir. Alice Alderson, who was mentioned above, lived, like him, to an advanced age, and throughout her life was full of activity and enthusiasm in the propagation of her views. She was highly esteemed by all who came into contact with her, but since the memoirs and chronicles of the day are comparatively silent, the details of her work are now unknown.

For 1818, during Brougham's first election contest, we find the following record, which may or may not refer to an Orton Friend : "A disciple of George Fox (not of Kendal) is denounced for deserting the

cause of Mr. Brougham, bribed, *we* say, by certain civilities, and he—weak, vain man—now ranks with the enemies of Israel.” And, later in the same year, the *Gazette* reports that “Quaker children, too, hitherto particularly praised as patterns of good conduct, have been decked with blue ribbons, and have joined in insulting language against those whom they fancied to be of the Lowther party.” It is thus quite clear that the days of their political ignorance and apathy had passed away. Such notices as still remain either have reference to politics or are so recent as to make no demand on our limited space. Yet one more story that illustrates the shrewdness of the Friends may perhaps be not inappropriate. After the election of 1833 the *Gazette* says:—“An old Friend of ——, and known as the father of the sect, was asked the other day when he intended to start for Westmoreland to vote for Barham. He replied, ‘I’ll tell thee what: I’ve been three times there and three times beaten, and will not go a fourth to be beaten. We cannot stand the yellows; but if I thought there was any chance at all, I would go—on my hands and knees.’ ”

We must take farewell of Orton Quakers. There

may be gaps in the story that could be filled in from private memoirs. But whether there be any other local heroes or not, it is well to remember that in their day these quaint staid people did perform a work; and that, though their affected primness may for us seem out of date, it yet has done good service for even those who are now most willing to scoff.

The Quakers in Westmoreland are not now so numerous as in the days of Whitehead, but there are still an influential body of Friends in Kendal and its neighbourhood. It is remarkable that nearly all the leading families in that ancient Borough have come of that stock—the Wakefields, Crewdsons, Wilsons, Whitwells, Braithwaites and Cropers, of only a generation back, were Friends!

There exists at Newby Head a disused burial-ground, popularly designated the “Quaker Sepulchre,” in which were buried the remains of Thomas Lawson, formerly priest of Ramside, Lancashire, who, after joining the Friends, settled at Great Strickland, and kept a grammar school. He is said to have been the first to systematize the study of botany in this country. He died, 1690. One of

his pupils placed a tomb over his grave, bearing this inscription :

“ Sub hoc Tumulo jacet Corpus Thomas Lawson, de Maynae Stricklundiae Ludimagister et Botanicus non imperitus qui obiit, 12 Die November, Anno Domini, 1690. Ætatis 55.”

At Great Strickland there was a commodious meeting-house, which is still standing, but converted into a dwelling-house.

Upon the closing of Strickland Meeting, Morland became the chief centre for Friends of the district, where a neat and commodious meeting-house was built about the beginning of the present century. At that time there were several families of Friends resident in the county town (Appleby), who regularly attended this Meeting, but of late years these have all died out, and the main support of the place has been the Thompson family, resident in the village, and two or three others.

The Thompsons of Morland, now represented by Charles Thompson, J.P.,¹ trace back their pedigree

¹ Mr. Thompson was one of the founders of the “United Kingdom Alliance” for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. He is President of the Band of Hope Union for the parishes in North Westmoreland, and a warm supporter of temperance generally.

seven generations, always within the parish, and for five generations as the owners and occupiers of the dwelling-house at Morland, now the residence of the family. It was built in 1722 by John Thompson, respecting whom a tombstone in the parish church graveyard testifies as follows (translated from the Latin) :

“ Here are deposited the remains of John Thompson, late schoolmaster of Barton, in this county. A man of the most exemplary piety, probity, and sobriety. A great admirer of, and well versed in the politer sort of literature.

“ In life he lived esteemed by all, and died universally regretted, on the 17th July, in the year of our Lord, 1735.”

His school was held in the south transept of the church at Morland, over the door of which was inscribed in the stone lintel : “ Ludus Grammaticus Johannus Thompsonis, Anno 1699 ” (see Bulmer’s “ History and Topography of Westmoreland ”).

The Thompsons have been Friends for but three generations. The most flourishing branch of the family is that now resident about Liverpool, which sprung from Thomas (who resided at Appleby), the grandson of John (above), and which numbers among its conspicuous members Professor Silvanus Thompson, London University.

At Tirril there is also an ancient meeting-house and graveyard, now only occasionally used. Here were interred the remains of the unfortunate tourist who lost his life on Helvellyn, and whose fate has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott with touching effect.¹ His remains were not discovered until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant.

¹ "I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wild,
All was still save by fits, when the eagle was yelling
And starting around me, the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the red tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam, its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the spot where the wanderer had died..

Dark-green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away."

APPENDIX.



NOTE A.

CROSBY RAVENSWORTH. In the south of this parish is Crosby Lodge—a substantial farmhouse supposed to have been erected on the site of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld's seat. To the east, at the foot of the ravine, near the entrance, is a bridge over which the road passes, formed from the natural rock. The gill, or wood, adjacent to, and perhaps all the enclosed ground which now forms the farm, was the deer-park. Sir L. Threlkeld's other seat was in Cumberland (*vide* "History of Westmoreland"). To the south-east of this place is Black Dub, and near the *Dub* or well is a small obelisk, erected by the late Thomas Bland of Reagill, which records the passing of the army of Prince Charles, to recover his ancestral throne. Near here was found a rapier—now in

the author's possession—supposed to belong to some of his retainers ; it was found embedded in the moss hard by. Oddendale, or Odindale, and Hardendale—two words of Danish import ; the former generally given as of divine origin, and boasts of a Druids' circle. The latter is famous as the birthplace of Dr. John Mill, an eminent biblical scholar, whose birth is given in 1645.

My attention has been drawn by Mr. W. B. Arnison, of Penrith, to the fact of two mounds of earth on the south of Crosby Gill, called Robin Hood and Little John's graves ; the mounds are those lying close to the boundary wall of the Park, where Sir Lancelot Threlkeld is said to have kept his deer. Whether Robin Hood and Little John met their fate here whilst on a marauding expedition, or are buried here, is more than doubtful. It is a far cry from Sherwood Forest, and not an inviting country to explore by freebooters from the South, one would think. My attention was further drawn by this gentleman to the custom of fire worship, and also of need fire, which latter I had slightly alluded to already in the first portion of this work. Fairies also have not escaped his notice. These ethereal

beings were credited with many a freak ; if anything was lost the fairies had something to do with it, and to propitiate them, food—generally bread and milk—was placed at the mouth of caverns or glens, where they were said to frequent, and the food generally disappeared. No doubt, if placed in these places, it was eaten up by the numerous predators, which would inhabit, as they do now, these sequestered spots. A weasel, a rabbit, or some of the feathered tribe, would no doubt welcome an addition to their repast so readily provided. Wens and warts were charmed in those days ; witches and wizards laid claim to supernatural powers. The schoolmaster is abroad now. He was then, no doubt, in existence, but his knowledge, like his neighbours, was impregnated with all the superstitions of his time. But the erudite maxims of the past have given place to the investigations of the chemist and the philosophers of our time.

NOTE B.

TEBAY.

I HAVE given the derivation of this place as *The Bay*, which, except at the outlet of Borrowbridge, where the Lune (*Aluana*, clear water) flows through a narrow and rocky defile, there could not be any way of escape for the water, which no doubt in pre-volcanic times was hemmed in by the hills, which were afterwards rent in twain by volcanic action. This is no suppositious theory, for if there be any truth in geology, then there is ample evidence, to the north-west of this place, of volcanic action, or else the granite hills of Shap would not have been thrown up to public view, and become objects of utility; because it is well known that granite is the lowest strata of the crust of the earth, therefore it does not need such a stretch of imagination to prove that the trap or whinstone which formed the dam of the lake to the north of Borrowbridge, might easily on this hypothesis be accounted for. But there are other less speculative grounds to prove that it was a lake or bay, which could not be otherwise, if

there was no outlet at Borrowbridge. The shape of the valley proves this. Its widest part is immediately north of the old village of Tebay. There is not far from the surface a level bed of gravel, not small or triturated, so as to become more or less of a kind that could be thrown out by floods over a given space, but cobbles, not large, but of the kind which are now found abundantly in the bed of the river close by. These were lately brought to light by the planting of the posts which do service for the telegraph. So much for the proof. Hitherto we have been told that this place owed its name to a family of *De Teba* or *De Tebay*. It is more likely the family owed its name to the place already named by its configuration and ancient use as an inland lake, or bay of fresh water; though changed in form, as are many other places, by the force of nature ages ago.

NOTE C.

ASKHAM.

ASBY, Ash Fell, and other places in the Midlands and East Coast of England, occur where the

prefix ash or aske is found. There used to be a small reptile (newt) very common in these northern parts, called asp or *aske* in common parlance, and ash wood seems to be the indigenous tree in many parts. Probably the name with the affix *by* has been given to localities where one or other of these particular objects were most commonly met with. In my description of Little Asby, I noticed that, in a field immediately south-east, and not far from the foundation of the ancient chapel of St. Leonards, at Old Asby, now Little Asby, is the remains of a camp, probably British. It is a quadrangular earthen structure, except to the north, where the soil has evidently been carted away for the purpose of agriculture. In it is a well, so that the besieged could be supplied with water; and inside at its south-west point, but isolated from the outer (vallum) or earth-work, is a raised mound which might be the inner fort or outlook of the fortification. Certain it is, so far as I know, the most perfect work of its kind there is in this part of the country; and which so far has been overlooked in the history of Westmoreland, by previous writers.

NOTE D.

THE ROMAN CAMP AT LOW BORROWBRIDGE.

THE station at Borrowbridge was one of great strategic importance. It commanded two very important passes: one to the north, by the Valley of the Lune at the Tebay gorge; the other to the west, by the Valley of the Borrow, and it was practically the only direct route for inland communication between the Roman legion at Chester and the different garrisons on a great portion of the Roman Wall. Streams of Roman soldiers, with their stores and baggage, must have been continually passing through, and a large body of fighting men would constantly be on duty to guard and defend the stronghold in case of attack. The ancient inhabitants of the country, driven from their peaceful homes in the valleys, would here, midst the wild rugged mountains, make a last desperate struggle for freedom. Of this there are numerous evidences on the almost inaccessible fells which surround us. Frequent traces of hut-circles and earthworks, for-

merly the dwellings and defences of the half-savage Briton, still exist.

The camp was visited by the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society on June 27, 1883, when a paper was read, in which the writer pointed out the importance of the questions that might be solved, if inscribed stones or tiles should be found, and of its bearing on the *crux vexata* of the 10th Iter. [Mr. John Just, an eminent authority, ventured to describe Borrowbridge as "Alone," a station of the 10th Iter. Mr. C. Nicholson professed to identify it as "Alauna."]

As the result of the interest created, the work of exploration (with the sanction of Lord Lonsdale) was begun under the supervision of the president (the late Canon Simpson), and the work was carried on in October and November, but the committee were much disappointed at the result of their excavations. The results were nil. Nothing was found to throw light on the name of the camp, or to elucidate the 10th Iter. The trenches were dug in various directions—no coins were found, no tessellated pavements, very little pottery, and no miscellaneous relics, as recorded in the body of the

work, were found. Mr. Day, the tenant of the farm, after the excavations were completed found two Roman coins, and the impression of another in baked or hardened clay.

[Epitomized from transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society of 1885.]

NOTE E.

ANCIENT MANORIAL COURTS.

IN ancient times were held courts of *Pied Poudre*, or *Pie Powder*, as we know by the annual proclamation of the fair held at Kirkby Stephen on St. Luke's Day—which is done at the instance of the lord of the manor and owner of the tolls arising from the sale of goods and merchandise liable to pay toll at Kirkby Stephen. After the proclamation of the fair is read by the agent of the lord of the manor, is added the words, or something to this effect, that all disputes arising are to be settled by the parties appearing at the court of the lord of the manor, of matters arising within his jurisdiction—called the

“Court of Pied Poudre.” This is no doubt a remnant of Norman law, whereby the lords of manors exercised the office of judges in their own courts by themselves or stewards, relative to matters arising in their respective manors; and this mode of proceeding was no doubt of a very summary character: the name of the court signifying that the matters were to be settled before the dust was shaken off the feet of the litigants, that is the literal meaning of Pied Poudre—from *pes*, a foot; and *poudre*, dust.

NOTE F.

WIDOW-RIGHT.

THERE is very frequently a clause put in wills in this county, and many other parts no doubt, that a widow is to enjoy property during her widowhood or chaste behaviour. It is recorded in *The Spectator*, vol. viii., 1771, that in some manors in Berkshire and Devonshire, “if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls free bench in all his copyhold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit*, that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits

incontinency, she forfeits her estate ; yet if she will come into court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say certain words (in rhyme, which we, for reasons of decency, do not here reproduce), the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to free bench. It is evident by this that the lord of the manor could for unchastity claim the property, unless this species of penance described by *The Spectator* was practised in public, which was none the less, we are told, than a public performance of the degrading exhibition alluded to.

NOTE G.

PREHISTORIC REMAINS ON MOOR DIVOCK, NEAR ULLSWATER, STONE CIRCLES, SEPULCHRAL REMAINS, ETC.

[Mr. W. B. Arnison, of Penrith, has furnished me with the following note with reference to the Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society, of which he is a most indefatigable and painstaking member, for which I here make my respects and acknowledgment, as well as for many hints I have adopted in this work.]

The following is extracted from a Paper by Dr. M. W. Taylor, late of Penrith:—

ON the road from Penrith to Bampton is the little village of Helton, anciently called Helton Fleckett, which heretofore formed a portion of the Manor of the Sandfords, the ancient lords of the pale of Askham Hall.

Above the village there is an enormous mountainous waste, which stretches away for miles over the fells, which form the watersheds of Ullswater (*uille*, *Fr.* Elbow), Haweswater, and Windermere.

An advanced spur of these mountains, separating the valley of the Lowther from that of Ullswater, is Barton Fell, and on it, just outside the higher enclosures of Helton village, there is an extensive plateau of heath and peat moss; it is called Moor Divock or Doovack. It is 1000 feet above the level of the sea. The old Roman Road crosses this moor, and the surface of this ancient causeway is marked out by the short greensward which covers it, and the course of it may be traced for seven or eight miles along the crest of the ridges, proceeding over Kidsty Pike and High Street.

This was the Roman highway from the shores of Windermere through the vale of Troutbeck, joining the great York Road over Stainmoor at Brocavum, the camp at Brougham.

We leave the enclosures of Helton Head by a gate which opens on to the common of Moor Divock, and we perceive to the right a rough cart-track proceeding across the moor in a north-easterly direction to Pooley Bridge. By the side of this road, about a quarter of a mile distant from the gate, there looms against the sky a large single standing stone called the *Kop-Stone*. It is the most southerly of the pre-historic structures which stud the area of this moor. It measures five feet out of the ground, and is about fourteen feet in girth. It is not hewn nor dressed, but is a natural ice-borne boulder, composed of one of the metamorphic rocks of the district.

Lying adjacent are a low ring mound or earthwork fifty-seven feet in diameter; a stone circle; small circle and cairn; another circle called "standing stones," and various other single and double circles; and also cairns, now called, from their shape, "star-fish" cairns.

For those desiring further information as to the pre-historic remains in the East and West Wards, I append the following references to the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society":—

British Barrow at Hackthorpe, vol. ii. p. 11.

Buried Stone Circle, Eamont-side, vol. i. p. 167.

Leacet Hill Stone Circle, Clifton Dykes, vol. v. p. 76.

Clifton Barrows, vol. v. p. 79.

Stone Circle, Gamlands, vol. vi. p. 183.

„ near Shap, vol. vi. p. 176.

„ Moor Divock, vol. viii. p. 323.

Goggleby Stone, Shap, vol. vi. p. 209.

Crosby Ravensworth, vol. ii. p. 205.

Eamont Bridge (Papal Indulgence), vol. ii. p. 32.

„ Earth Works, near, vol. vi. p. 444.

„ King Arthur's Round Table, vol.
vi. p. 450.

Church Bells.

Brough, vol. vi. p. 83.

Query.—Crosby Garret, vol. vi. p. 84.

Kirkby Stephen, vol. iv. p. 239; vol. vi. p. 83.

Orton, vol. vi. p. 84.

NOTE H.

IN the work itself I have incidentally mentioned the late Dr. Simpson as a man who was an eminent son of Westmoreland. As an antiquary he was an undoubted enthusiast, and contributed largely to establish and extend a knowledge and interest in the science ; and there are others still living whose work in the future will be hailed with satisfaction in this department. We are not void of living celebrities in other departments. Who has not heard of the Poet Close, and who has not read of the Orton Chronicler? to both of whom in past years I have been much indebted for their notice of me in their lucubrations ; in fact, to Mr. John Simpson, the parish clerk of Orton, I am under many obligations for many traditions and stories embodied in this work. He has been parish clerk of Orton over forty years ; a man of rare genius, somewhat of a poet or rhymster ; and has contributed to the public prints many quaint sayings and notes of interest.

Some parish clerks in these parts have been noted for their longevity and eccentricities. At one time an old man held the office at Kirkby Stephen, who

for a long time could not walk without the aid of two sticks, which he used to hang over his reading desk, when engaged in the services of the church. On one occasion an old man, on going into the pew next the desk, happened to dislodge a stick, but immediately restored it to the parish clerk. He took it by the small end and dealt a blow with it at the innocent offender (which, alighting on his bald head, echoed through the church), saying, "Thou'll mebbe mind t' next time." This occurred about forty years ago. The old man was very deaf, and had to hobble up to the communion rails after the clergyman to say "Amen," which very frequently came in at any but the right time. About this time pews were often sold by auction, either separately or with a residence. The writer recollects one sold for £25 sterling at Kirkby Stephen.

Many obsolete customs are remembered by people of middle age even. In many townships a small field was set apart, the rent of which was paid annually to the constable of the township; and in many places there is a custom of holding land which, being left by former proprietors of a farm, is let to the tenant as part and parcel of the farm. It is imperative that

a bull be kept for the purposes of the tenants of certain farms within a radius which is specified in the deeds of the farm, and by custom all those living on farms so specified do avail themselves of the privileges of the bull. The *land* in question has no connection with, nor is the custom a privilege of any one connected with, the former proprietor, but has simply been a bargain to do away with turbary, or the privilege of getting peat on some enclosed land, or by taking in an allotment from the waste, and the land being cultivated has been allotted to the proprietor on the condition of keeping a bull for his neighbours.

NOTE I.

IT is very probable that with enormous forests which overran England when the Romans first came to this country, and long afterwards, during the Anglo-Saxon (Angles and Saxon) times—the mixed breed of those nearer continental countries, Danes, Norwegians, and Bretons, which under the name of Anglo-Saxons afterwards colonized this country—

that the various buildings, churches, monasteries, and private dwellings, were mainly of wood, and that those edifices which remain, since the Saxon times, under the name of Saxon churches built of stone, are very few in number. Certainly there are a few. At Clapham, near Bedford, is a Saxon tower of colossal proportions at the end of a modern church, and there are a few others in other parts of the country; but the principal stone edifices of churches, monasteries, and the like, date not earlier than from the time of the Norman Conquest. There were probably many stone churches in the Saxon England of the ninth and tenth centuries, but these were destroyed by the Danes, who were pagans; and building in wood was the rule, there being at that time a general belief in Christendom that the world was to come to an end in the year 1000, and that it was useless to build of stone or brick, on account of this prediction, for a posterity that would be non-existent. Such houses continued to exist all through the middle ages; many old manor houses with *open roofs* continue to attest to the workmanship, which was copied from the Anglo-Saxons in "*tymbre*" work or "getymbering," as it

was called in those times. The great fire in London was the means of banishing wooden structures, and stuccoed covered erections, whose principal supports were wooden frames, in the city; but it is evident from those remaining in Chester and other places, that this mode of building, although co-existent with stone erections at a later period, were those most in use, and this is seen to be the prevalent mode in our colonial possessions and in America, at the present time.

NOTE J.

THE Helm-wind. Dr. Barnes says "the air or wind from the east, ascends the gradual slope of the western side of the Pennine chain, or Cross Fell range of mountains, to the summit of Cross Fell, where it enters the helm or cap, and is cooled to a less temperature; it then rushes forcibly down the abrupt declivity of the western side of the mountain into the valley beneath, in consequence of the valley being of a warmer temperature, and this constitutes the Helm-Wind. The sudden and violent rushing of the wind down the ravines and

crevices of the mountains, occasions the loud noise that is heard. The current again is met at the foot of the mountains by a cooler wind, which causes the other to rebound; this is called the Helm-bar. The meeting of the opposing currents, and the sudden condensation of air and moisture in the Bar-cloud, gives rise to its agitation or commotion, as if struggling with contrary blasts. The bar is not the cause of the wind but the consequence of it. When there is a break in the bar, the wind rushes over the country. Here again the effect is mistaken for the cause. In this case the Helm-wind, which always blows from the east, has overcome the resistance of the Bar-cloud, or the wind from the west, and consequently does not rebound into the higher regions again; a general east wind in this case will prevail. The Helm rarely occurs in summer, because the temperature of Cross Fell is much higher at that season of the year. The places most subject to it are Milburn, Kirkland, Ousby, Melmerby, and Gamblesby. Sometimes the atmosphere may be so clear that not a cloud is to be seen, when suddenly a small cap or cloud is seen extending from south to north—the Helm is then said to

be on—and in a few minutes the wind is blowing so furiously that it often throws down trees, overturns stacks, and will even overturn a horse and cart. It has an exhilarating effect on the spirits, but it often occasions great damage to the crops, beating the leaves of trees until they are quite black.”

Besides the music of winds and tempests, the echoes that are excited in different parts give rise to much speculation; some are heard on land, others on water. There is a fine echo near Stenkrith Bridge, about fifty yards north of it. But every lake and gorge surrounded by rocks and mountains forms an instrument of sound, and gives rise to a variety of sounds, no two being exactly alike; some being monotonous, others being reverberating, even six or more times. Such are heard at Windermere, Ullswater, and Derwentwater, and the effect upon the ear as the sound is tossed from rock to rock—whether the sound be of fire-arms, musical instruments, or the human voice—is surprising, like celestial beings repeating the sounds of human creation, and carrying forth to unknown regions the intensified tones created by terrestrial agencies,

but lacking response to questions (by answers), and so far unfathomable. The visitor to Ullswater should penetrate the Vale of Patterdale, thence to Mardale, where he will see, surrounded by glorious hills, a beautiful lake (Haweswater); these valleys were anciently the domains of two potentates of ancient lineage, and called respectively kings of Patterdale and Mardale.

NOTE K.

GEOLOGY has engaged the attention of many eminent men, whose writings it would be well to consult. Lyell, Miller, Agassiz, Croll, Geikie, Jules, Sedgwick, Murchison, and many others. They give us an idea of past time by the agencies at work, and teach us how deeply the surface of the land has been denuded, and how much sediment has been deposited. As Lyell has remarked, the extent and thickness of our sedimentary formations are the result and the measure of the denudation the earth's crust has elsewhere undergone. Therefore every one should examine for himself the great piles of superimposed strata, and watch the rivulets bringing down mud,

and the waves wearing away the sea cliffs, in order to comprehend something about the duration of past time, the monuments of which we see around us.

NOTE L.

THE Teutons (Germans), Scandinavians (Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes), who conquered Normandy, and afterwards England, gave, of course, their names to the places they inhabited; thus, the Thwaites (woods), Thorps (villages), Bys (dwellings), fell (feldt), bel (hill)—we have Green Bell, a mountain in Ravenstonedale. The Romans afterwards left their impressions on the language in the same manner. We have barr and burrh (barrows, mounds of earth), birrens (stone heaps, cairns, &c.); from the Saxon (or Angles), cap (top), and ber (the top crown or fortified hill). Crossbar, Dogbar, Stobar or Stockbar, denoting places where cattle were formerly sheltered and guarded from the marauders of the north—the Picts and Scots (Celts) of former times fighting the Romans step by step on the mountain ranges of this country, while later on the Scottish borderers and

English came in conflict. The erection at these places of Peel Castles and Bars were the consequence. These latter disturbances were mainly brought about by the unsettled government of the times, the Scotch looking upon the English as their natural enemies ; and, until the union of the two kingdoms, the Armstrongs and the Eliots, Grahams, and others, were more or less caterans and robbers, whose scene of conflict was the debatable land on the borders of both countries, the English preventing as much as possible their depredations by keeping up Wardens of the Marches, with a military force under the local and feudatory chiefs, amongst whom at this time was Lord William Howard of Naworth, Musgrave of Edenhall, and Wharton of Wharton Hall. These families, or their representatives (the latter family being extinct), enjoy certain rights and privileges to this day for their services at that time, much, we think, to the detriment of a free exercise and fair expansion of the rights of property, by the continuance of the custom of paying heriots, fines, dues, duties, and services to these feudal owners, who have ceased to render those services which the exigencies of former times created.

GLOSSARY

OF TERMS USED IN THE DISTRICT.



Aiblings. Perhaps, doubtful.

Addle. To earn by labour.

Agist. To let out to pasture.

Agley. Awry, to squint.

Airts. Points of compass.

Aik. Oak. (A. S., *eac*, *æc*.)

Ald. Old. (A. S., *cald*, *auld*.)

Amaist. Almost.

An. If. (A. S. *Anan*.)

Anters. In case of, peradventure. “*I’ll take my bag et anters.*”

Antrums. Tantrums, flighty.

Arles. Earnest money. *Yearles.*

Arsle. To move backwards.

Aske. Dry. (Teutonic, *ask*, a newt.)

Auld shoon. Old shoes.

Ax. To inquire.

Ayre. A weir. *Saltaire.*

- Bally balla.* A village (Celtic).
Bane. Ready to assist another.
Bang. To beat.
Baste. To drub by fisticuffs.
Bauk (Teutonic). A beam.
Baulk. To deprive, baffle.
Beal (A. S.). To cry out.
Beck (Teutonic). A brook.
Bensel. To castigate.
Ber. A hill.
Benzler. Large. "*It's a benzler.*"
Bigg. To build. *Newbiggin.*
Birks. Birch. *Birkbeck.*
Blate. Not afraid to speak.
Blake. Bright yellowish. *Blake butter.*
Blether. Bluster.
Bluid. Blood.
Boke, bocken. To belch.
Boot. To exchange, to give money extra.
Boss. A master.
Bouk. Large, bulky.
Braad. Broad. (A. S., *brodder.*)
Bracken. A fern.
Brandrer. To brand cattle.
Brant. Steep. *A brant hill.*
Brash. Horse laugh, rude.
Brock. A badger. *Brockholes.*
Brosson. To burst.
Brownder. A barrow. Or *Broom Hill.*

Bumblekite. Brambleberry. (Saxon, *Beig-bran.*)

Bump. Coarse woollen yarn.

Burgh. A fort. *Brough.*

Burk. To conceal.

Bus. A kiss.

Busk. A rush, reeds.

By. A dwelling.

Byre. Cowhouse.

Cairn. A heap of stones.

Cald. Cold.

Capstane. Coping, or top-stone.

Caul. A membrane covering a child at birth.

Chimla. Chimney.

Chizzle. The husk of wheat, bran.

Clagger. To stick.

Clart, clarty. Dirty, sticky.

Clead (A. S., claded). To clothe.

Clew. A ball of yarn.

Clough. Clack, a stone. *Clachan.*

Clout. A rag, to mend.

Clud (Saxon), *Clwd* (Celtic). Cloud.

Clung. To cling.

Coppy. A small field. *Coppice*, or enclosure of wood.

Corker. Big.

Conney. Winsome, bonny.

Coup. Exchange.

Coyn. A corner stone.

Crack. Familiar conversation.

Craps. Scraps.

Crowdie. Oatmeal scalded with water or broth.

Cruds. Curds of whey.

Crumpy. Brittle, dry-baked.

Cuddy. Donkey.

Cummer. To come.

Dag. Dew, draggled with rain.

Dam. To stop ^{up}, e.g. mill dam.

Darroch. A day's work.

Deight, dight. To winnow corn.

Dilly dally. To hesitate.

Dirl. To spin round.

Dobbie. A Ghost. *Orton Dobbie.*

Dodd. A round hill.

Dole. Deal out, to give in charity.

Dollop. The whole lump, or lot.

Donnet. Devilish. *That et donnet.*

Dorf-thorpe (A. S.). Village.

Donke. Misty.

Dou. To be good. *Nout et Dou* (no good).

Draff. Brewers' grains.

Dree. Slow. "*As dree as haver mote*" (oat malt).

Drush. To rush, fall down.

Dub. A small pond, e.g. Black Dub.

Dumnot. Do not, let alone.

Ea. Water. *Eamont.*

Eddish. Eatage, after-math.

Efter (A. S.). After.

Endwas. To continue.

Esk, ash. To ask a question.

Ettle. To part with sparingly.

Eyast. *E.g.*, east wind.

Fain. To be glad. (Saxon, *fægan*.)

Fansome. Lovely.

Farrow. Parturient effort of the sow.

Fash. Worry, anxiety.

Faut. Fault, to find fault.

Fant. Faint.

Fause. Cunning.

Feckless. Not quick, slow of motion.

Fell, fierce (A. S.). *Fells*, wild hills.

Fend. To provide.

Fettle. To repair.

Fizzle. Uneasy.

Flacker. To flutter.

Flammergasted. Upset, taken aback.

Flate. Frightened.

Flautersome. Light-headed, giddy.

Flecked. Spotted.

Flite. To scold. (Saxon, *flitan*.)

Fluke. To outwit, jerk.

Flyre (Icelandic, *flyra*). To laugh scornfully.

Foad. To fold sheep.

Fold. An inclosure.

Formal. To bespeak. (Saxon, *formetl*.)

Foss, floss. Flowing water. *Flass.*

Fractionous. Quarrelsome.

Frummerty. Wheat boiled in milk.

Frowsey. Disordered.

Funkey. Cowardly.

Gait. A stint in a common pasture.

Gang (A. S.), To go. *Gangan.*

Gap. An opening.

Gar. To dare.

Garrock. Awkward.

Gast, geld. A barren cow.

Gate, ghaut, gut. A passage.

Gaun (A. S., *gangan.*) To go.

Gaveloc. A lever. (A. S., *javelin.*)

Geer. Furniture. (Saxon, *gearn*, harness.)

Giggle. Flighty.

Gill, ghyll. A ravine. (Icelandic, *gil.*)

Girn, gurn. To grin, grimace.

Girt. Large, *e.g.*, a girt lad.

Glent. To look askance.

Glop. To look up in surprise. (Fr. *Glupen.*)

Goffrom (A. S. *geaper*). To gape, a vulgar person.

Goister. Goisterer, loud roysterer.

Gounded. Gummed, *e.g.*, sore eyes.

Gowk (Scotch). Heart of a tree, a simpleton.

Gox (A. S., *gos, gor*). Goose. "*By Gox*," an expletive.

Grise (A. S.). Swine. *Griseburn.*

Grumpy. Surly.

Grunstone. Grindstone.

Gulls. Porridge.

Hack. A saddle-horse.

Haigh. A hill-side.

Ham. A home.

Hansel. A gift, first money.

Hurrock, urrock. A stone heap. *Penhurrock.*

Haver oats. Haver meal.

Heck. Behind, cast back.

Helm. Helm wind : covering, diminutive of helmet.

Higgledy-piggledy. Heads and tails.

Hirple. Lamé, stiff walker.

Hithe. Haven. *Rotherhithe.*

Hi the. Come here.

Hobble. To get into a mess or hobble.

Hog. Weaned lamb, a first year's sheep.

Holm (Norse). A meadow or island in river.

Hoven. Blown up by eating grass.

Howket. To dig or scratch.

Hull, hol (A. S.) A small building.

Hurst. A wood.

Ing. A meadow. *Lady Ing.*

Ingle. Fire-place.

Inver. River-mouth ; to join.

Farble. To draggle in the wet.

Fauk. To joke.

Fostle. To joust, to push.

Ken. To know. (Danish, *kennan*.)

Kemp. A camp. *Kemphow.*

Keslop. The stomach of calves.

Kil. A cell, a church.

Kist. A chest or trunk.

Kitling. A young cat, kitten.

Kittle. To tickle, skittish.

Knag. To scold. *Nag.* A horse.

Knaw. To know.

Knock. A hill.

Kirn. A churn.

Kye. Cows.

Kysty. Nice at eating.

Kyte. The belly.

Laithe. Barn.

Lall. Little.

Lant, loo. A game at cards.

Law. A mound, a hill.

Lais. To punish.

Ley (A. S.). An open place, a scythe.

Llan (Welsh). Church.

Lief (A. S., *leof*). As lief; I'd rather.

Lig. To lie down.

Lish. Active.

Lobscouse. Meat boiled with potatoes.

Loup. To leap. *Lupus*, wolf.

Lown. Calm, *e.g.*, lown day.

Loo. An open plain.

Lun, Llwyn (Celtic). A wood. *Hoff Lun*.

Lund. A sacred grove. *Lunds*.

Maffly. Childish.

Maida. A hill. *Maiden Castle*.

Maist. Most.

Mappen mebbe. May happen.

March, marechal. A trooper ; officer of horsemen.

Mare. More. *Mickle-mare*.

Marras. Like to like.

Maslin. Silly fellow.

Mazle. To bewilder.

Midden. Dung-heap.

Mel, mell. Middle. *Melbecks*.

Mone. Dull, to bemoan.

Melder. Miller's toll.

Nant. Valley. *Nantwich*.

Neef. Hand.

Neest. Next.

Neuk. Nook.

Neun. Noon.

Nieveful. Handful.

Nincompoop. Silly fellow.

Nin, nout. Nothing.

Nuidlin. A silly fellow.

Onny. Any.

Onlig. A burthen, such as forced charity.

Onset. A building, the whole *onset*.

Ower. Over.

Owerplush. That which is over, above measure.

Owmas, awmus. A gift to a beggar.

Pace. Paschal, Easter eggs.

Parlous. Perilous.

Piggin. A milk pail, *e.g.*, to serve calves with.

Pen. A hill. *Penhurrock.*

Pirn. To twist.

Rattan. A rat ; Rattons, staves of wood.

Ravel. To draw out from a clew of yarn.

Rax. To stretch, to sprain.

Reek. Smoke of fire.

Reisted. Smoked bacon overdried.

Reistet. Stupid.

Rig up. To clothe.

Roopt (Icelandic, *wroop*). Hoarse from cold.

Rouky. Misty. Scotch mist.

Sap. A plane tree.

Scale (A. S.). To spread, *e.g.*, manure.

Scour. Diarrhoea in calves.

Scout. A look-out. *Scout Green.*

Scran. Victuals.

Scind (A. S., *scinden*). To wash away.

Seklike. Such-like.

Shirk. To run off, *e.g.*, from a bargain.

- Shirl.* To slide, to skate.
- Shog.* A slow jog-trot.
- Sile.* To strain, *e.g.*, milk strainer.
- Skirl.* To scream shrill.
- Skratt.* A demon.
- Skreed.* A thread, shreds.
- Skrunsh.* To masticate, *e.g.*, horses.
- Slape.* Slippery.
- Slaver.* Foam. (Icelandic, *slefa*.)
- Slenk.* To sneak, idle.
- Slock, Slocken.* To quench thirst.
- Slother.* Frothy.
- Slot* (Teutonic, *slob*). A door bolt.
- Smere.* Clover. *Smardale.*
- Sna.* Snow.
- Souple.* Wooden flail, end hung loose.
- Spiff.* Smart, fine.
- Stane.* Stone. *Stainmoor.*
- Stag.* An unbroken horse.
- Stang* (Dutch). A pole, cart shaft.
- Staple.* A market or socket for a bolt.
- Stecked.* A stubborn horse.
- Stee:* A ladder. (A. S., *steynes*, stairs.)
- Stegg* (Icelandic, *steggr*). A gander.
- Sten.* Stone. *Rith*, red. *Stenkrith.*
- Steven.* To be vexed.
- Stiddy* (A. S.). An anvil.
- Stinted.* A right to put cattle to grass in enclosure.
- Stirk* (A. S.). A young heifer. *Stirkland, Strickland.*

Storken. To freeze. (Fr., *starker*, to stiffen.)

Strackling. Worthless fellow.

Strake. To draw, level measure.

Street. Road. *Roman Road.*

Stun (A. S., *stunner*). To amaze.

Stydal. Mouldy.

Swirl. To swing, hand over.

Swop (A. S.). To exchange.

Tarn (Norse). A tear. *Bleatarn.*

Teg. A hog, a weaned lamb.

Teem. To pour out. (Icelandic, *toma*.)

Terble. Terrible. "*There's terble wark.*"

Tew. To labour till exhausted.

Thack. To thatch.

Thibel. A stick to stir porridge.

Thorpe. A village. *Crackenthorpe.*

Thrang. To be busy.

Thrattles. Sheep dung.

Threap. To argue foolishly.

Throne. To purr like a cat.

Thwack. To beat.

Thwaite. A wood. *Oxenthwaite.*

Tine. To shut, prong of fork.

Tither. The other.

Titter. Sooner. *Titter cummer* (a tittering laugh).

Toft. A field. *Knocking Toft.*

Tooti (A. S.). Toe. *Tooties*, toes.

Ton. A town. *Winton* (whin furze).

Torfit. To die.

Touzle. To tease, rumple.

Timmer. Wood, especially for building.

Twistle. A boundary. *Entwistle.*

Ty (Welsh). A cottage.

Uncanny. Not pleasant, to be dreaded.

Uphaud. To support.

Urchin. Hedgehog.

Varra. Very. (Fr. *vrai*.)

Vamp. To boast.

Veigle. To entice.

Wad. A pencil, black lead.

Wallop. To beat.

Wamble. To wriggle, wobble.

Wame. The stomach.

Wanckle. Weakness, *e.g.*, of joints.

Wangle. To walk slowly about.

Wark. Work, *e.g.*, *sek wark*, such work.

Warrel. Quarry (to quarry).

Wax. To grow.

Wee. Little.

Weason. The windpipe.

Welt. To beat, part of shoe sole.

Ween (A. S., *wenan*, *wen*). To fancy, think.

Whang. A shoe lace. (Saxon, *thwang*.)

Whelp. A pup.

Wheezele. To wheeze, *e.g.*, thick breathing.

Whiffler. A trifler.

Whinge. To cry.

Whin. Furze, gorse.

Whittle (A. S., *huytel*). A knife.

Whittling (Saxon, *thwitan*). To peel a stick with a knife.

Whigmaleerie. Fanciful.

Wick (A. S.). Alive, a village or bay.

Woa (A. S.). Worth, *i.e.*, *weorthen*, wall.

Wreeth. Snow rolled up.

Wraith. A ghost.

Yak. Oak.

Yark. To hark.

Yat (A. S., *hait*). Hot.

Yaud. An old horse.

Yeat. To eat.

Yerk. To twist as in sewing leather.

Yeather. The stick wound on top of hedge.

Yowl (A. S.). To howl.

Yowe. A ewe.

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